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JULIAN FANE.

A Memoir.

23628 a

BY

ROBERT LYTTON.

"Ah, not the music of his voice alone,
But his sweet melody of thought, which fed
Our minds with perfect harmony, is flown!"
Lay of Bragi. By the HON. JULIAN FANE.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

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JULIAN FANE.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory.—Parentage. Battle of Busaco. Lord Burghersh returns to England with Dispatches. His Marriage. His Spanish Reports. At the Head-quarters of the Allied Armies in Germany. Battle of Leipzig. Accompanies the Triumphal Entry of the Allies into Paris. Appointed Envoy to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Present at the Battle of Tolentino. Signs the Convention of Caza Lanza. Lord and Lady Burghersh return to Florence.—Birth of Julian Fane.

THERE is a small class of men endowed with remarkable gifts, whose superiority must yet remain always inadequately recorded. The evidences of it are chiefly in the impression which it makes upon those who have felt the personal influence of its possessors, and this impression is incommunicable. It is impossible, indeed, that such men should pass out of the world unmissed: but they are like childless proprietors, who lay up nothing for the distant heir. Their intellectual opulence is hospitably lavished upon personal

friends, and bequeathes to their posthumous fame a title which can only be supported upon credit. Yet the influence of these men upon the society they adorn is too beneficent to be altogether evanescent. Their presence animates and sustains whatever is loveliest in social life. The world's dim and dusty atmosphere grows golden in the light of it. Their mere look rebukes vulgarity. Their conversation elevates the lowest, and brightens the dullest, theme. Their intellectual sympathy is often the unacknowledged begetter of other men's intellectual labour; and in the charm of their companionship we are conscious of those benignant influences which the Greeks called Graces, but which Christianity has converted into Charities.

Such was the character of the man to whose memory these pages are dedicated. Had health and length of days been allotted to him, his rare intellectual and moral worth would doubtless have remained in evidence more durable than the grateful memory of friends, or this imperfect record of an existence too brief for the complete fulfilment of its affluent promise.

Very little, however, of all that was in him, or of all that came from him, survives in the few literary remains which are here collected. They are, indeed, but as broken fragments of dispersed masonry, which can suggest to the passing traveller no just idea of the general strength and symmetry of the edifice wherein they once occupied subordinate places. But the intrinsic value of such a life as Julian Fane's must be estimated by the rarity of its own loveliness, and is fully expressed by its finished fulfilment of the finest type of intellectual high breeding. He was, I think, the most graceful and accomplished gentleman of the generation he adorned; and by this generation, at least, appropriate place should be reserved for the memory of a man in whose character the most universal sympathy with all the intellectual culture of his age was united to a refinement of social form, and a perfection of personal grace, which, in spite of all its intellectual culture, the age is sadly in want of. There is an artistry of life as well as of literature, and the perfect knighthood of Sidney is no less precious to the world than the genius of Spenser.

John Fane, Lord Burghersh, who, in 1841, succeeded to the title and estates of his father as eleventh Earl of Westmorland, had in 1803 entered the army, after taking his D.C.L. degree as Fellow Commoner at Cambridge. He served on the staff of the Duke of Wellington (then Sir Arthur Wellesley) from the beginning of the Peninsular war till the victory of Busaco, and was sent to England with the news of this event by Sir Arthur Wellesley, who, after the battle of Talavera, had been created Viscount Wellington. His health having suffered during the campaign, he did not return to Spain, but obtained his Lieutenant-Colonelcy whilst in England, and married, in 1811, Priscilla Wellesley, the third daughter of the third Earl of Mornington. To his mother Julian was indebted for the early cultivation of the many graces and talents which he inherited from her. Before leaving Spain Lord Burghersh had, in obedience to the instructions of Lord Wellington, visited various parts of the Spanish Peninsula; and the reports which he addressed from those places to the head-quarters of the British army were so highly approved by

the Commander-in-Chief, that in 1813, after the expiration of the armistice of August (which was immediately followed by the accession of Austria to the alliance against Napoleon) Lord Burghersh was, on the recommendation of Wellington, selected by Lord Castlereagh as Military Attaché to the head-quarters of the Allied Armies in Germany, then commanded by Prince Schwartzenberg. His young wife accompanied him. They left England in September; but the difficulties of travelling were great, and it was only on landing at Stralsund (after a three weeks' sea-voyage) that they first heard of the Battle of Leipzig, which was fought on the 18th of October.*

Lord and Lady Burghersh accompanied the triumphal entry of the Allies into Paris in 1814, and in the autumn of the same year Lord Burghersh was appointed British Minister to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. After the escape of Napoleon from Elba, which was followed by war

* Lord Burghersh published an account of the proceedings of the allied armies, which was much praised by military authorities, and has been quoted by Sir W. Scott, and other historians of the campaign.

between Austria and Naples, Lord Burghersh rejoined the Austrian head-quarters. He was present at the Battle of Tolentino, and signed the Convention of Caza Lanza, which brought back the old King of Naples to his capital. After the return of the king from Sicily, Lord Burghersh resumed his post at Florence. "On our way back there," says his wife, in one of her letters, "we met at Viterbo an English messenger bringing news of the Battle of Waterloo." The young couple remained at Florence till the year 1830; and six children were born to them in that city, one of whom was Julian Henry Charles Fane, the subject of the present memoir.

CHAPTER II.

Childish Days. Intimacy between Mother and Son. School Days. Thames Ditton. Harrow. His father appointed British Minister at the Court of Berlin. Ill-health. Life at Berlin. Precocious Musical Faculty. Meyerbeer. The Diplomatic Service in 1844. Taste for Poetry. Heinrich Heine. Preparation for the University. At Oakington.

He was born on the 2nd October, 1827, and was only three years old when his parents returned to England. Wordsworth has ascribed the most permanent tendencies of his own mind to those influences of external nature which, mingling with the unconscious acquisitions of childhood, "lived along his life" through later years. Perhaps the temperament of Julian Fane may have been similarly favoured in childhood by those sweet influences which haunt the purple slopes of the Apennines and the sunny banks of the Val d'Arno. He was not destined to revisit Florence in after life; but, when contemplating all the flower-like grace of his luxuriant nature,

I have sometimes thought there was a felicitous fitness in the fact that to this fair child the gods, who loved him, should have allotted so fair a birthplace as "the city of flowers." Not many years after their return to England, Lord and Lady Burghersh were plunged into deep affliction by the loss of a beloved daughter, who died at the age of fifteen. Their elder boys were already at school, and their only surviving daughter (now Lady Rose Weigall) was still in the nurse's arms. The companionship of the little Julian, to whose education she devoted herself, then became the chief solace of his mother; and with her the child remained till he was eleven years old. I cannot better describe the peculiar character of their intercourse at this period than by the touching words in which she herself has alluded to it.

"His tender devotion to me during that time," she says, "and the feeling and good sense he showed, were much beyond his years. They laid the foundation of that intense love and perfect confidence which bound us together ever after. Apart from filial and maternal affection, we were the closest and most trusted friends to each other.

Even his marriage did not abate in the least this love and confidence." The education of Julian's two brothers, who had chosen the army for their profession, was more directly under the superintendence of their father. It was the wish of Lord Burghersh that his youngest son should be educated at Harrow and Cambridge; but all other arrangements for the boy's education he left, with well justified confidence, to the judgment of his wife. This accomplished woman was already the friend and correspondent of many of the most eminent men in Europe. She was herself a good musician, and a painter whose power of execution and knowledge of art were considerably beyond those of a mere dilettante. The daily companionship of such a mother must have been far more instructive than any ordinary 'schooling' to the child; who doubtless derived from it that intense distaste of all vulgar and unintelligent pleasures, and that instinctive appreciation of intellectual and moral beauty, which gave select distinction to the character of his after-life.

The regular school-days came, however, and in the year 1838 the little Julian was sent to a

private establishment at Thames Ditton. He was then in his eleventh year; and he remained at Thames Ditton till 1841, when he commenced at Harrow the customary course of an English boy's education.

Meanwhile, the Whigs had been in office, and Lord Burghersh on the shelf. But on the return of the Tories to power Lord Burghersh re-entered the foreign service as British Minister at the Court of Berlin; to which post he was appointed by Lord Aberdeen in 1841. Shortly afterwards his son Julian, in consequence of a severe fever which had greatly weakened a frame already delicate, was obliged to leave Harrow. He rejoined his parents at Berlin; and the five years passed with them in the Prussian capital constituted one of the most important educational periods of his life.

Berlin was, at that time, the residence and the rendezvous of an unusual number of distinguished men. To a thoroughly sociable temperament, and the exquisite amiability of perfect high-breeding, Lord and Lady Burghersh united a keen taste for intellectual refinement. Lord

Burghersh was himself an enthusiastic musician. His wife was a woman whose society was as delightful to artists and men of letters as to statesmen and men of the world. In their hands the hotel of the British Legation at Berlin became a sort of continental Holland House, where Genius and Beauty, Science and Fashion, Literature and Politics, could meet each other with a hearty reciprocal welcome.

Among the daily *habitués* of this agreeable house were Alexander von Humboldt, whose habit it was to dine there every Sunday; Rauch the sculptor; Meyerbeer, whose conversation was as brilliant as his music; Felix Mendelssohn; and the painters Begas, Hensel, and Magnus. To the honour of the Prussian Court be it said that all these illustrious men were also among the most frequent and honoured guests of the late king.

A letter in which their kindhearted and accomplished hostess has favoured me with some of her personal reminiscences, makes touching reference to this little group of eminent persons. "They are all gone," she writes, "and I know not if their equals now exist! Rauch, the sculptor, was

the perfect model of a fine old *grand seigneur*, both in look and manner; though born in a very humble position. With Humboldt, Meyerbeer, and Rauch, I kept up correspondence as long as they lived. All knew and appreciated the charm, the talents, and the beauty of the dear boy who was then my pride and joy. Meyerbeer especially adored him; and admired his singular musical talent, which, from his childhood, was remarkable. As a child, indeed, his passion for music was so great that I feared it might, if encouraged, interfere with his general education, and I would not allow him any music lessons. He literally never learned even the notes of music; which he much regretted in after-life. Yet, ignorant as he was of all the rules of the art, his exquisite ear supplied the deficiency. Whilst yet quite a boy, he once played on the pianoforte parts of a new opera of Meyerbeer's which he had only heard the night before. Yet he played them so correctly that Meyerbeer, who was present, and who had not allowed any part of his score to be seen, inquired, in great agitation, 'Who can have given him the music?' and

would not believe that he played it *only* from memory, after *one* hearing."

His musical *instinct* was indeed extraordinary; and to it was probably attributable his keen susceptibility to beauty of sound in verbal expression, although both music and poetry were rather the accomplishments than the occupations of his after life. Two of his musical compositions will be found in an appendix to this Volume. I am, myself, no competent judge of such compositions. But I doubt if those who have not heard them played and sung by himself, can fully realize the effect which they once derived from

> "The touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still."

For, in all that was sung or said by him who wrote them, there was a peculiar and quite indescribable charm which seemed to flow directly from the visible presence of the man himself.

At the time when Julian Fane entered the diplomatic service, it was the custom for our Ministers and Ambassadors abroad to attach, if they pleased, to their Embassies and Missions,

young men who were personally known to them, and whom they thought likely to prove useful or agreeable members of their Staff. These appointments were not, of course, made directly by the Ministers and Ambassadors themselves, but by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, on the recommendation of the Ministers and Ambassadors; or, to speak with strict accuracy, by the Crown on the recommendation submitted to it by the Secretary of State, at the request of the Ministers and Ambassadors.

The class of persons thus admitted to subordinate employment in the foreign representative service of the Crown, was practically limited to the two categories of which it ought, as a general rule, to be composed: young men of social station and independent means, or young men of more or less tested ability and marked promise. The first fulfilled adequately the ornamental, the second the operative, functions of a profession which combines the duties of national representation with those of international negociation; and of both the system had no higher type than it was to find in Julian Fane.

Whether the like success will attend the modes of selection more recently adopted remains to be seen. Julian would undoubtedly have passed with ease and distinction any competitive examination, for he was, from childhood, a good linguist, and a rapid as well as an accurate reader. But it may be doubted if such examinations could have either tested or certificated the peculiar qualifications he possessed for success in diplomacy—the mingled sweetness and dignity of his wondrous social charm, his quick and just appreciation of character, his precocious knowledge of life, his pleasant wit and large good humour, his rapidity and accuracy of generalisation, his persuasive power of exposition.

It was in the year 1844 he was thus officially attached to his father's Mission at Berlin; and he was then only seventeen years of age. It is easy to imagine the stimulating effect of daily intercourse with such a society as I have described upon the intelligence of a naturally quick-witted and precocious boy. But there is a name more conspicuous than any of those yet recorded which must now be mentioned in connection with the

intellectual impressions at least indirectly referable to this period of his life, though its positive influence may probably date somewhat later.

In the German literature of the Restoration there is little to admire. The mantle of Goethe had not fallen upon any of his numerous disciples. The romantic school had, on the whole, failed in the mission which at first it seemed destined to fulfil. The reaction against Eighty-nine had converted patriotism into the instrument of despotism. The strong sarcastic voice of Brentano (Bettina's brother) was silent in a cloister. Gorres had suffered due penance for the revolutionary vagaries of his youth. Pedantry and poltroonery had their own way. That great war which rescued from the first French Empire the international independence of Europe, had bequeathed no political liberties to the populations of Germany, whose victory, like the honey of Virgil's bees, was profitable only to their proprietors. But in 1825 the publication of the first volume of the "Reisebilder" revolutionized the whole literature of Germany, and placed it hence-

forth under the brilliant popular dictatorship of Heinrich Heine.

About five years subsequent to the appointment of Lord Burghersh to the Mission at Florence, that is to say, in the year which witnessed, in England, the Cato Street Conspiracy and the imprisonment of Hunt, and, in France, the first great Parliamentary triumph of the French Liberals,—there happened to be living at Bonn a young law student, who was the son of Jewish parents and the pupil of Franciscan friars. From Bonn he migrated to Gottingen, and shortly afterwards appeared at Berlin as the enthusiastic disciple of Hegel. There he was at once recognized as a young man of precocious culture, and peculiar genius, by Franz Bopp the philologist, Chamisso the poet, Varnhagen von Ense, and one or two other distinguished men. About this time he unsuccessfully attempted to obtain for his peculiar genius a wider recognition by the publication of some dramatic poems, which all the splendour of his subsequent reputation has not yet redeemed from the oblivion to which they were immediately consigned by the public. Possibly, his peculiar

genius had not found in these poems its peculiar form. This form, however, it did triumphantly find in the "Reisebilder." And, as I have said, in the year 1825 the publication of that inimitable book revealed to Germany, once for all and once for ever, the existence of by far the greatest poet she has produced from Goethe to the present day. The "Reisebilder" was succeeded quickly by the "Buch der Lieder," and a rapid torrent of the intensest lyric song.

Throughout Germany, therefore, the disturbing, almost bewildering, influence of Heine was in all its freshest and fullest activity about the time when Julian Fane, still a mere lad, was living at Berlin. He did not himself at that time begin the study of those writings, but an early acquired and accurate knowledge of German (that invaluable implement of culture) enabled him not long after to read them in their original language; and, although his naturally robust character instinctively rejected all that was dangerously perverse in Heine's influence, the impression that was made upon him by his introduction into that *Classische Walpurgisnacht*, which Goethe first

imagined on the plains of Pharsalia and the heights of Peneius, and which Heine subsequently realised and ruled, appears to have remained throughout the whole of his after life. His regular study of the poems began with his first settled residence at Vienna, in 1851; and the latest work on which he was engaged, when stricken down by the painful malady that prematurely terminated his existence, was a critical biography of the poet himself. Some of his smaller pieces he had in the meanwhile, and at various times, translated into English verse; and these translations, which (with his habitual dislike of publication) he printed only for private circulation, have been noticed in the "Edinburgh Review" by Lord Houghton, whose own admirable success in the same most difficult task gives particular interest and authority to his opinion of all similar undertakings.

Heine's future translator could not, however, remain much longer in the capital of Hegel, that first of Heine's "Gods" who afterwards figured "in exile." He was approaching the age of nineteen; and in 1846 he returned to England

to prepare himself for the University, under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Whitaker, at Oakington. The best part of a year was passed here; and his exchange of the luxury and idleness of Berlin for the simplicity and study of this quiet English parsonage, was accounted always by Julian as one of the beneficent occurrences of his life. To its influence on him at a critical time, he attributed much of what was best in his later life; his only regret was that it had not been of earlier date and longer duration; and some of his latest instructions for the education of his own children were the fruit of this experience. In the course of the following year he matriculated, as Fellow Commoner, at Trinity College, Cambridge.

CHAPTER III.

Fellow Commoner at Trinity. Characteristics. Choice of Companions. The Apostles. Chancellor's Medal. Letters. Demeanour towards Women. Return to Berlin. Visit to Dublin. The Apostles at Blackwall. Last Days at Cambridge. Recollections of his Fellow Collegian, Mr. James. Gains from his College Life.

"I THINK," says Lord Houghton, in a letter to the present writer, "that Julian Fane made the most impression on me when he was at Cambridge. I used to go up there often to see my old playfellows, and the natural, easy way he fell into his place among them, after his independent and luxurious life at Berlin, struck me as very estimable." The change from Berlin to Cambridge was, indeed, a great one. But the luxury which Julian Fane had learned from his Berlin experiences to appreciate most, was the luxury of intellectual society; and he commenced his University life with the inestimable advantage of a mind already too cultivated to find any attraction

in those coarse and unintelligent amusements which often waste the time and purse of undergraduates, in whose educational career there is no interposition between the public school and the university.

"Mr. Fane was entered at Trinity as one of my pupils," writes Dr. Thompson, the present Master of Trinity. "I was then senior tutor of the College, in 1847; and he began to reside in the October of that year. Though I believe he was not much older than the average of undergraduates, Mr. Fane had seen much more of the world, and was far more generally accomplished than the majority of his contemporaries. I never had a pupil who impressed me at a first interview more favourably; and I look back with unmixed pleasure on the whole period of our intercourse as friends rather than tutor and pupil. He had a fine and catholic taste in literature, and his associates were, for the most part, men like-minded with himself; not so much hard University students (though there were such among the number), as young men of active and inquiring (and, in some cases, really original) minds. No-

thing was more remarkable in Mr. Fane than his marked preference for intellectual merit over rank and position in society. One of his most intimate friends was a sizar,—a clever and cultivated person; and, with one exception, I do not remember that he was intimate with any of the then fellow-commoners and noblemen."

This love of intellectual society, combined with a rare capacity for commanding the sympathy of such society, soon rendered Julian Fane one of the most beloved and brilliant members of a curious social institution which may claim the merit of having united in life-long friendship an extraordinarily large number of successful and remarkable men. In the year 1820 a certain number of Cambridge undergraduates, who were attracted to each other by a kindred taste for literature, and a common reverence for free inquiry (not then as generally tolerated as it is now), founded amongst themselves at St. John's College a small society for weekly essay and discussion. Tomlinson, afterwards Bishop of Gibraltar, was one of the founders of it, but, in

the time of Julian Fane, it had migrated to Trinity College, and had already been distinguished by the names of Charles Buller, Sterling, Maurice, Tennyson, and many other young men of subsequent eminence in literature or public life.

This Society called itself a conversazione society. But, owing to the fact that the number of its resident members (undergraduates and bachelors of arts) was limited to twelve, it soon became known as the Society of the Cambridge Apostles: —a name which was at first given to it, says Mr. Christie, in derision. Apostles of intellectual freedom in the Halls of Authority, its members might, however, fairly consider themselves. Free discussion, excluding no subject of intellectual interest, was the object and the occupation of their weekly gatherings. To ensure this freedom, the annals of the Society have been kept secret. But Mr. Christie, formerly Minister at Brazil, who was himself an Apostle, contributed some years ago to the pages of Macmillan's Magazine an exceedingly interesting account of this Society. In that article Mr. Christie quotes the high

tribute paid to the intellectual freedom of the Cambridge Apostles by Bishop Thirlwall, who was one of them himself. In the year 1834, during the controversy which then raged on the question of admitting Dissenters to University degrees, Mr. Goulburn and others having expressed in Parliament much fear of the mischievous effects of theological controversy amongst undergraduates, Thirlwall scouted their alarm by a reference to the Cambridge Apostles. "You may be alarmed," said the future Bishop of St. David's, "when I inform you that there has long existed in this place a society of young men, —limited, indeed, in number, but continually receiving new members to supply its vacancies, and selecting them in preference among the youngest,—in which all subjects of the highest interest, without any exclusion of those connected with religion, are discussed with the most perfect freedom. But, if this fact is new to you, let me instantly dispel any apprehension it may excite, by assuring you that the members of this Society for the most part have been, and are, among the choicest ornaments of the University: that some

are now amongst the ornaments of the Church: and that, so far from having had their affections embittered, or their friendships torn and lacerated, their union has been one rather of brothers than of friends."

Undoubtedly this sentiment of brotherhood is a very noticeable quality of Cambridge Apostleship. The members of this Society have been through life the enthusiastic and often the influential champions of each other's claims to public notice. The fastidious delicacy and subtle sweetness of Mr. Tennyson's poetry, for instance (which were not immediately appreciable even to Coleridge), might perhaps have withheld from his genius the broad popular recognition which is not even yet, and probably never will be, accorded even to Shelley and Keats, had it not been for the intelligence and perseverance with which its most recondite beauties have been sought out, proclaimed, defended against hostile criticism, and gradually impressed upon the public mind, by those of his brother Apostles who, since quitting the University, have acquired in various walks of life a reputation for intellect

and culture which gives authority to their literary taste and judgment. The effect of the Society upon its members was thus not only stimulating to their intelligence in youth, but also advantageous to their success in manhood. The man of genius who enters the great battle-field of life a solitary soldier, must expect to find every man's hand against him. He comes into the field without followers, without comrades, without a leader or a camp. If he is worsted in the combat he will be shot like a freeshooter for lack of a recognized uniform, and refused the conventional courtesies of civilized warfare. To begin life as one among a band of clever young men, who sincerely admire themselves and each other, and are prepared, each of them, to recognize in the success of a comrade flattering evidence of their personal sagacity, as well as an additional triumph to their collective superiority, cannot but be an immense practical advantage to those who are so fortunate as to possess it. From this point of view the Cambridge Apostles may be regarded, like Balzac's *Conseil de Treize*, as a sort of mutual-praise-society. But absolute

mediocrity cannot puff itself into the dimensions of genius, and certainly a Cambridge Apostleship is a genuine order of merit. Almost all the members of this Legion of Honour have in after life worthily justified the admiration with which, as undergraduates, they regarded each other. In the long list of Cambridge Apostles may be mentioned, amongst men who succeeded in public life, the names of Charles Buller, "lively as Luttrell, logical as Mill;"* Lord Stanley, the present Earl of Derby; Mr. Horsman; Monckton Milnes, now Lord Houghton; Bishop Thirlwall; Mr. Spencer Walpole, who was Secretary of State for the Home Department in Lord Derby's cabinet; Mr. Kenneth Macaulay, afterwards Member for Cambridge; and Henry Lushington, Government Secretary at Malta, whose biography has been written by a more eminent brother Apostle, Mr. Venables. Amongst others who have been distinguished in literature and scholarship, may be mentioned John Kemble, the Anglo-Saxon scholar; John Sterling, "the subject of two biographies by two such men as Julius Hare and

* "St. Stephen's," a Poem. By Lord Lytton.

Thomas Carlyle";* Alfred Tennyson, the Poet Laureate; Arthur Hallam, whose early death is the subject of Mr. Tennyson's "In Memoriam;" Edmund Lushington, Professor of Greek at Glasgow; W. H. Thompson, Regius Professor of Greek, and now the successor of Whewell as Master of Trinity; Blakesley, Canon of Canterbury; the accomplished master in the Cheltenham Training College, Mr. Henry James; Charles Merivale, the historian; Dr. Kennedy, Head Master of Shrewsbury; the late Dean Alford, and the present Archbishop Trench, poets as well as divines; James Spedding, the biographer of Bacon; the versatile Tom Taylor; Arthur Helps; Dr. Butler, the present young Head Master of Harrow; F. W. Farrar, the distinguished philologist; the present Sir Frederick Pollock; Vernon Harcourt (Historicus); Frederick Maurice; and our two great philosophical lawyers, Henry Sumner Maine and FitzJames Stephen.

The perfect freedom of thought and utterance which has always given to the meetings of this Society their especial charm, would be destroyed

* Macmillan's Magazine, Nov. 1864.

by any publication of its discussions; but I have been assured by many of his fellow Apostles that Julian Fane was the life and soul of their pleasant gatherings, and the most brilliant member of the little group which then comprised such men as Harcourt, Maine, Henry James, and the present Lord Derby. His general culture was probably larger than that of most of his College contemporaries. In knowledge and experience of the world he was certainly their superior. His accurate memory and ready wit rendered immediately available for conversational effect the whole of his mental furniture; and from an early observation of mankind he had acquired *the faculty which* gives appropriate application to the study of books. His intellectual capital was all in ready money, or so invested that it could be drawn out at a moment's notice, to meet the most unexpected liability. This gave him, in discusssion, an easy advantage over more heavily armed antagonists, whose reserve forces could not be thrown with equal rapidity upon the immediate point of attack. His own intellectual resources were indeed so well disciplined that they arranged

themselves, without confusion in logical line of battle at the first word of command. No man was ever less cursed with the *esprit du bas de l'escalier*. In physical frame he was considerably above the average stature. Notwithstanding the angularity which great thinness gave to his bodily framework, all its movements and gestures were as graceful as those of a young pinetree marching to the music of Orpheus. The genial effect of his lively intelligence was greatly increased by a singularly expressive flexibility of countenance, a musical and finely modulated voice, and a rare distinction of attitude and gait. I doubt if any man, with the exception of Lablache, was ever so consummate an artist in the management of his facial muscles. I have seen him imitate the late Lord Brougham, not only with a marvellous exactitude of voice and gesture, but also with an instantaneous transformation of feature which was absolutely bewildering. His extraordinary mimetic power may be imagined from the fact that he could, without the aid of voice or action, and solely by a rapid variation of physiognomy, conjure up before the eyes of the most unimpression-

able spectator the whole pageant and progress of a thunderstorm. I have often watched him perform this *tour de force*, and never without seeming to see before me, with unmistakeable distinctness, the hovering transit of light and shadow over some calm pastoral landscape on a summer's noon; then, the gradually gathering darkness in the heaven above—the sultry suspense of Nature's stifled pulse—the sudden flash—the sportive bickering play of the lightning—the boisterous descent of the rain—the slow subsidence of all the celestial tumult; the returning sunlight and blue air; the broad repose and steady gladness of the renovated fields, with their tinkling flocks, and rainy flowers. The capacity of producing, at will, such effects as these by the mere working of a countenance which Nature had carved in the calmest classic outlines, could only have resulted from a very rare correspondence between the intellectual and physical faculties; and it is no slight moral merit in the possessor of such gifts, that he rarely exercised them at all, and never for the purpose of ungenerously ridiculing his fellow creatures.

"You will be the most unpopular man here," said the present Lord Derby (who was somewhat his senior) to Julian Fane, on the latter's arrival at Cambridge.

"Why so?"

"Because you are so tall that you will be always looking down on your acquaintances."

"On the contrary; I shall certainly be the most influential man at Trinity, because my acquaintances will be always looking up to me."

He was never without a pleasant and appropriate answer to the challenge of the passing moment. "We were undergraduates together at Trinity College, Cambridge," says Mr. Watson, one of the ablest of his College contemporaries, "and I used frequently to meet him in the society of friends common to us both, who were more intimate with him than I was. I can recal, even after an interval of twenty years, the effect produced upon us all by his bright and genial presence. I certainly never knew at that time, nor do I think I have ever since met with, any man whose social qualities (understanding the term in its *best* sense) were so distinguished as his. He possessed a

brilliant wit, a keen sense of humour, and an unrivalled gracefulness of manner and expression. Thus he was never at a loss for a reply, even among the readiest. But his repartees were never sullied by ill-nature, and never degenerated into sarcasm. Nor did he, in his most playful sallies, forget what was due to his own self-respect, or wound the self-esteem of other men."

These words, as I transcribe them, recal to my mind a somewhat amusing instance of Julian Fane's conversational readiness, which I had the opportunity of appreciating when he and I were colleagues at Vienna. We happened to be dining together with Baron Anselm Rothschild. One of our fellow guests, an English Member of Parliament, and a veteran Goliath of that Liberal Philistia which holds dominion in the north of England, was somewhat dogmatically impressing upon our minds the urgent necessity of Parliamentary Reform. The conversation subsequently turned upon the political institutions of Austria, and in criticizing the then newly-established Parliamentary system in that Empire, Mr. —— exclaimed, "Sir, you cannot compare this Reichs-

rath with the British Parliament. The British Parliament is the most perfect political institution which the world has yet witnessed. It faithfully and forcibly represents all the political intelligence, all the opinions, all the interests, of the British Empire."

"Ah, Mr. ——," said Julian Fane, "you have quite convinced us! Who could resist such an argument against Reform?" The table was in a roar.

But to return to the writer who has favoured me with his personal reminiscences of Julian Fane at Cambridge, and who was not only an Apostle, but a Fellow of Trinity, and the Second Wrangler of his year. "Great as were Fane's social gifts," Mr. Watson continues, "they by no means represented the whole of his remarkable and versatile nature. His tastes were eminently intellectual, and his companions were the hard readers and hard thinkers among his contemporaries. For English poetry, indeed, he seemed to have a perfect passion; and the only occasion on which I ever remember to have seen his equanimity disturbed was when an attempt was made by some mis-

chievous companions to goad him out of his habitual self possession by unfair and flippant criticisms on the work of a favourite author. Finally, what impressed me more than all was the genuine and hearty goodness of his disposition. Though petted by society, possessing a large and varied acquaintance with life in all its phases, and subjected from an early age to influences which would have produced, in an ordinary nature, a mere *blasé* man of the world, there was not a trace of hardness or cynicism to be found in him. He had very wide sympathies, ever ready to be enlisted in any subject, however remote from his own special tastes, and in any persons, whatever their pursuits, provided only they were good and generous. I believe that many poor students (some perhaps who have since raised themselves by their efforts, and some destined to lifelong obscurity) will remember the charm of his cheering society, and retain a grateful recollection of the interest he manifested in their progress, and his hearty unaffected solicitude for their success."

In confirmation of Mr. Watson's testimony to the "genuine and hearty goodness of Julian

Fane's disposition," I might mention many acts of his life which have come within my own experience. He was not of those whose right hand is a babbler to their left. But one of the most active and inexhaustible qualities of his nature was its unbounded benevolence: charity, I would say, if that word were not liable to a conventional construction which, though perfectly respectable, is very imperfectly christian. Certainly, however, no man ever preserved pure, in the midst of a necessarily worldly life, so deep a well-spring of that genuine christian charity which springs not from the intellect but the heart, not from duty but from grace, and without whose divine sympathy benevolence is barren and protection pitiless. He very seldom would allow his name to appear in the subscription list of any charity, but he subscribed anonymously to many; wherever any votes, or other patronage, were incident to such subscriptions, he was always scrupulously conscientious in the disposal of them; and one of the last acts of his life affords characteristic illustration of the spontaneous loving kindness which animated the whole course of it. In the course

of the year which preceded his death he observed in the *Times* an advertisement containing an appeal from "A. L." to some other initials, which implored pity for the dreadful condition of one absolutely reduced to want and despair. It ended with these words: "For God's sake, and for the remembrance of past happiness, gone for ever, send me the means to leave this dreadful town." His quick intuitive sympathy guessed at once the whole sad story. He immediately forwarded to the address given in the newspaper a ten-pound note, with the request that it might be acknowledged in the *Times* to "B. C." The acknowledgment was made in these words:

"A broken-hearted mother and her child acknowledge with deep gratitude, &c., &c."

Julian Fane did not compete for honours at Cambridge. He was at no time of his life an idle man; but he was always a desultory reader rather than a hard student. The only University distinction which he sought to obtain (he had gained a College prize for a prose essay the year before) was the Chancellor's medal, and this he won by a prize poem on the death of the Queen

Dowager. This poem, "On the Death of Queen Adelaide," was, says Dr. Thompson, "remarkable for its Miltonic rhythm. It was a designed imitation of the Lycidas, and in many respects a poem of great promise, and above the average of such compositions. Dr. Whewell, a good Miltonic scholar, was, I remember, much struck by the skill with which the metre was managed."

Perhaps all that could be said for the poem, is thus said fairly enough. Truth of feeling and originality of utterance could hardly be looked for in it, since all evidence of these qualities is almost necessarily excluded by the imposed conditions of such a task as the application of Miltonic rhythm to an elegy on such an event. But, assuming that the object of these exercises (like that of modern Latin and Greek verses) is to display familiarity with the style of some great original poet, by closely imitating his peculiar cadences, and copying his most characteristic expressions, then it must, I think, be admitted that this particular prize poem on the death of Queen Adelaide is a masterpiece of ingenious artificiality; and written more unmistakably "after the manner

of Master John Milton" than Rowe's Tragedy of "Jane Shore" is "writ," as he informs us, "after the manner of Master William Shakespeare."

The poem opens with an invocation to Melpomene to descend,

> "From fount Castalian and the Delphic steep,"

and "in melting melodies to weep" a death which "shall not lack some sad melodious tear."

In vain, however,

> "the tears of Evening fall,
> In vain the early breezes, as they sweep
> Through the dark woodland, sigh; and from the spray
> Trilling their matins sweet the wild birds call;
> For she no more upon the dawning day,
> Listening their joyous lay,
> Shall bend her wistful eyes for ever closed;
> Closed in the night of death's long slumber deep,
> But angels wake to guard her dreamless sleep."

Peace, Faith, Hope, Devotion, Love and Wisdom, then appear in celebration of the virtues of the estimable lady, who is described as a shepherdess, followed by her "few faithful sheep" who hear her voice

> "no more,
> Nor list her footfall on the path before
> Climbing the height of Virtue's rugged steep."

The "Guardian spirits of the Isle," and their attendant "Nymphs," are next called upon to explain where they were "when wan-eyed Grief was born," and allowed to darken the sunshine on the happy face of the departed Queen Consort. But, before they can reply, the Elegist truly observes that the inquiry is useless, since they could have done nothing to avert her fate, for

> "From on high proceeds the dread command,
> And dire Necessity, with equal hand,
> Slow, as she moves, dispassionate and stern,
> Alike unto the gentle and the proud,
> Scatters the lot from her capacious urn."

The fallacious character of earthly grandeur is then deplored and illustrated by the fact that

> "Innocent sleep, that loves the shadowy spot
> By the lulled streamlet of the valley, flies
> The sounding palace for the peaceful cot."

After which Echo rises "from her aëry shell, by Werra's silvery wave."

> "Next, Father Thames, as with due dirges low
> The decent pomp along his banks was led,
> Rose from the stream, and clasp'd his urn, and said:
> 'Thee first my waters welcomed; thee the bride
> Of royal Clarence, foster'd on the main,
> Whom now, sweet Queen, thou comest with fit train

> Once more to find,—sleep softly by his side.
> Sleep: at thine ear my limpid waters flow,
> And the voiced waves make music as they glide.'
> Last reverend Camus, as he footed slow,
> Heard the far echoes mourn, and from the tide
> Which fair reflects his Granta's thoughtful brow,
> Uprose, and spake," &c.

Finally, "Albion weeps no more," but

> "As Memory haunts her sovereign's tomb,
> She to the throne uplifts her happy face;
> There still she views the heavenly Virtues bloom,
> And sweet Religion blossom in her place."

All this paraphernalia of Pagan mythology, and geographical personifications, marched out to the roll of Miltonic music in honour of the obsequies of the poor amiable Queen, is rather too much of labour misapplied and wasted. But if the boyish exercise contains no direct evidence of original poetic faculty, be it remembered that all possibility of such evidence was *a priori* strictly excluded by the prescribed conditions of it. No one who has ever wasted time in the perusal of University prize poems can fail to agree with Dr. Thompson that its merits are very much "above the average of such compositions." Certainly it displays the possession of a highly cultivated ear, a

trained faculty of composition, a great knowledge and appreciation of Miltonic verse, a keen perception of the particular effects which are pleasing in the eyes of academic judges, and a very skilful subordination of all means to that end.

There are other and higher qualities, however, more useful throughout life to their possessor, of which this mere poem is a proof. Those qualities are the patience and modest self-confidence manifest in the fact that the skill displayed by it, and the success achieved, represent its writer's second attempt to win the Chancellor's Medal. The want of success that attended his first is very good-humouredly referred to in a letter to his friend Henry James, from which, however, I will take only the closing lines:

"I think I shall stop here another week: I want to see Thompson, who will be up then. My affection for him grows with time. I pray you very earnestly, write to me soon. I am all alone, the glory of the town, the only Fellow Commoner in Cambridge. I am not bored, however, because I am engaged—on *what?* I will tell you in my next; but I like letters, particularly from Cheltenham."

It was probably on some poetic composition that he was engaged; for most of the contents of a small volume of verse, which he published shortly afterwards, appear to have been written about this time. These verses are, for the most part, merely the melodious expression of that poetic temperament which, before circumstances have yet determined the object and character of their ambition, is the most common indication of genius in the boyhood of men of various accomplishments. They must hardly be regarded as the utterances of a spirit exclusively consecrated to the priesthood of song, and ambitious of the highest rank in that hierarchy. But no image of Julian Fane would be complete if it failed to illustrate the opulent manysidedness of him, in which such verses find their appropriate value. Poets, statesmen, orators, and thinkers there have been, and will be again, whose attainments in the special department of each could never, perhaps, have been equalled by him, even had he devoted to the exclusive development of any one of his many and great talents the concentrated energies of a life to which the fragility of his constitution

denied longevity, whilst the favour of Fortune absolved it from that necessity of definite labour which gives motive power to latent capacity. But I never met before, and have no hope to meet again, a man in whom statesmen, poets, and orators could immediately recognize so many and such high potentialities of worthy achievement in their own departments of intellectual activity: and I doubt if it be possible to select from the boyish versification of any man whose name is not recorded amongst those of acknowledged poets, a specimen of verse more chastened in expression, or more carefully completed in form, than the following—

SONNET

TO A CANARY BIRD, TRAINED TO DRAW SEED AND WATER FROM A GLASS WELL SUSPENDED TO ITS CAGE.

"Thou shouldst be carolling thy Maker's *praise*,
Poor bird! now fetter'd, and here set to draw,
With graceless toil of beak and added claw,
The meagre food that scarce thy want allays!
And this—to gratify the gloating gaze
Of fools, who value Nature not a straw,
But know to prize the infraction of her law
And hard perversion of her creature's ways!
Thee the wild woods await, in leaves attired,

Where notes of liquid utterance should engage
Thy bill, that now with pain scant forage earns ;
So art thou like that bard who, God-inspired
To charm the world with song, was set to gauge
Beer-barrels for his bread—half-famish'd Burns !"

The echo of Miltonic studies lingers very gracefully along this pretty sonnet. A note of more genuine and spontaneous sentiment is occasionally also sounded by some of the love-poems in the little volume from which I extract it; and a letter written at this time to Mr. James makes sportive allusion to the boyish sentiment which probably inspired them. This kind of boyish sentiment is, perhaps, too vague and evanescent to deserve the name of love; although the tenderness and purity of its transient influence deserve a better name than caprice. It is only to certain rich natures that such emotions come in boyhood; and in none but the most happily constituted dispositions do they come and go with only good effect upon the character in after life; like those light mists which are drawn forth at dawn by the warm temperature of some fine and fertile climate, and destined, when they disperse in rain or dew, to fructify the soil they spring from. Nothing

was more noticeable in the maturity of Julian's character than the sincerity and delicacy of all its emotional manifestations. In his intercourse with women, he united to an almost boyish enthusiasm, a manly chivalry of sentiment, and grave tenderness of gentle power, which found exquisite expression in the charming courtesy of his demeanour. Deferential, without timidity, and cordial, without familiarity, there was always, in his manner towards them, an indirect, unuttered, homage to the highest prerogatives of their sex, combined with an equally indirect indication of the reserved force of his own, which must, I think, have been singularly flattering and attractive. Like all men whose strength of character is of refined fibre, he had in his temperament something of the heroically feminine quality; and this was felicitously reflected in the mingled delicacy and power of his physical frame and habitual gesture.

In the year 1848 he lost his eldest brother, and on the 31st of May in that year he writes again to his friend Henry James: "I arrived in town on Friday night, just in time to see almost the

last hour of consciousness of my poor dear brother. I watched his bedside till Monday night, when, at ten o'clock, he died in my arms—tranquilly and effortless. The only consolation I can have under the present circumstances is afforded me by the reflection that I tended him in his last hours, and that his latest breath was drawn when I was with him. I shall not return to Cambridge for some time. I may possibly go down there for a fortnight after you are all gone away, in order that I may save my term. I shall be very happy if you can find time to write me a line; and I hope, if I am in London when you pass through, that you will not forget to look up your old friend. I am anxious to know how your reading goes on, and if you are sanguine about your examination. * * * I am overwhelmed with the most melancholy business — all the sad offices of which a brother's death constitutes one the discharger.

"Good-bye, my dear James,

"Yours very much,

"JULIAN FANE.

"I am not at all well myself."

In the summer of the same year he writes to the same friend:

"I have in view the writing of a large—not bulky, but serious poem. I can hardly as yet give you any idea of its shape, since it has not yet sufficiently worked itself out in my own mind, but it is to treat largely of politics in a metaphorical form; to touch upon the philosophy suited to the present age; to advocate a certain system of reform in society; to recognize the Spirit of the Age, separating the spurious cant which is prevalent concerning it from the indubitable truth of its existence, and to endeavour to point out the real course of action which by its voice, now echoed throughout Europe, it directs mankind to pursue. I meant to have begun immediately this effort, but I now wish to write first a poem in blank verse on a pretty and touching Scotch tale, which I have long had in my mind's eye."

The Scotch tale seems to have remained unwritten. I can find no trace of it amongst his papers, and am sorry that nothing came of it; but any interruption of time and thought must have

been providential if it saved him from further waste of either on the more ambitious design of which also no trace remains.

An illness in the spring of 1849, by which he lost a term, prevented him from taking his Fellow Commoner's degree as M.A. until the year 1850. But in the meanwhile he passed the Christmas vacation at Berlin, doing some occasional work at the Mission to which he was already attached: and thence he writes to his friend Henry James on the 4th of January, 1849, about the difficulties he has experienced in ascertaining "what are the wants, or rather, I should say, what are the attainable wants (for they want everything) of the good Prussian people. The town is perfectly tranquil in appearance (it is, as you know, in a state of siege), but I believe that a great deal of angry and bitter feeling is concealed beneath the constrained and unnatural appearance of calm which you everywhere meet with. My belief is that the French will return before long to monarchy. It appears to me that when once they manage to shift themselves off that parapet, they rush down into the depths of democracy with such

rapidity that they are unable to remain at the bottom when they have reached it: for the impetus given them by the rapidity of their descent propels them up the hill again on the other side, where they eventually arrive at what they started from."

On the 17th of June in the following year he writes from Cambridge to the same friend.

"Your conjecture with respect to the allusion in V. H.'s letter was correct. I have been summoned back to Cambridge to superintend the passage of my Exercise through the Pitt Press. Many thanks for your felicitations; and more for your promise of spending a week with me at Cambridge before I leave its classic shades for ever. I recite my Exercise on the 2nd of July, and take my degree on the 4th, and shall probably go down on the following day. * * * After leaving Cambridge, I proceeded directly to Dublin, on a visit to my brother there, with whom I remained a fortnight. I was quite delighted with the city, and all it contains: men, beasts, and buildings. Such gallant men, and such lovely women! such divine carmen, and such enchanting

lamplighters! such nunneries, and oh! such nuns! I worked very hard at sight-seeing (a stupendous labour!) while I was there; and in the first three days I had seen all the notable things—and nothings—in the town. The consequence of which was that, in my waking hours, my mind was complexed with complicated recollections of palaces, pigstyes, pictures, popery, potatoes, politics, and pagodas, which chaos of things also haunted me in my sleeping hours with horrible nightmares. I set about, however, after the first week, going over all my previous tracks of sights once more, and came away with a distinct idea of the city and its people,—having learnt a little and seen a great deal.

"I have not yet read 'In Memoriam' through; and will not, until I have done so, express any opinion on it. What I have read gives me a very high idea of its merits, and I look forward with intense satisfaction to the pleasure (although it can scarcely fail of being a melancholy one) of reading it attentively through.

"I arrived in London on Tuesday the 11th, and attended the dinner at Blackwall on Wednes-

day. Trench was president; Yoal vice-president; and 'the number of the men was about twenty.' Of these were four only belonging to the existing Society, namely, Stephen, Watson, Yoal, and myself. I sat between Henry Hallam and Trench, the former of whom charmed me exceedingly. Trench, too, who is eloquent and tender-hearted and earnest, I liked well.. There was speechifying without end and without aim, and I became drowsy under the influence of verbose members who insisted on thanking me for drinking their health (which I didn't), and, in short, I was delighted when Spedding got up and proposed that at the next meeting the promiscuous oratory should be quashed, and only those speak who had something to say, and wit wherewith to say it. The only speeches I cared to hear were those of Venables and Tom Taylor, both of which were very clever. I was, however, delighted at having had an opportunity of meeting the elders, with all of whom I was greatly pleased; and I advise you not to neglect another opportunity of making their acquaintance."

The initials which occur in the beginning of

this letter are those of his College friend, Mr. Vernon Harcourt, who, of all his Cambridge acquaintances, was, I think, the one for whose intellectual power he retained perhaps in after-life the strongest admiration. Nor was the friendship then commenced between them for a moment suspended or diminished at any period of their subsequent career. They remained to the last firmly and tenderly attached to each other, and my later chapters will contain Mr. Harcourt's recollections of the friend he loved so well.

I subjoin meanwhile a few brief notes on Julian's College life by another most distinguished contemporary.

"I clearly recollect," writes Mr. Sumner Maine, "that, when my acquaintance with Julian Fane began at Cambridge, I thought him much the most brilliant young man I had met or seen. The vivacity and readiness of his conversation, his grace of person and manner, his hereditary taste and skill in music, the amazing fluency with which he spoke two or three foreign languages, the knowledge which his familiarity with continental society had given him of things and

people only seen at Cambridge through the imperfect medium of newspapers, would probably have left this impression on my mind, even if our acquaintance had not ripened into friendship. But I ultimately knew him well enough to find that my first impressions hardly did him justice. I have always thought that there was something not a little remarkable in his choice of associates at Cambridge. There were several sets of men at that time in the University, which might have appeared to have natural attractions for a person of his peculiar accomplishments and tastes, but the society to which he actually attached himself, consisted of young men who believed themselves to be united by a common devotion to serious thought, enquiry, and discussion—a devotion which some of them, I dare say, carried to the verge of affectation. It is probable that some, though by no means all, of the subjects with which his new friends occupied themselves were new at that time to Julian Fane, but he took them up with keen interest, his observations on them were thoughtful and often original, and he could quite hold his own in our debates.

"If I had to single out one quality or capacity which then distinguished him more than another, I think I should say it was the faultlessness of his taste. His own University success was in some degree an illustration of this. Of all the hopeless subjects which the authorities at Cambridge are in the habit of prescribing with the professed object of stimulating the poetical faculty in undergraduates, the subject on which Julian Fane had to write a Prize Poem was about the most hopeless, but there was great good taste as well as ingenuity in the selection of 'Lycidas' as a model, and the young writer followed the spirit and rhythm of his original with a curious felicity. In our frequent discussions on poetry I never failed to be struck by his critical power.

"Julian Fane's profession allowed him to be little in England after he quitted Cambridge, and my own profession took me ultimately to a distant country. The communications which passed between us consisted chiefly in messages expressing a hope on either side, never destined to be fulfilled, that our personal intimacy might one day be renewed. His diplomatic career and

the promise of professional eminence and usefulness which he gave, are only known to me by report; but if much ability, great tact, great versatility, and a power of attracting men growing chiefly out of unfailing sweetness of disposition, contribute to success in his profession, he ought to have succeeded brilliantly, for all these qualities were his in the days when he was familiarly known to me."

The account of Julian's University life I will now close with another sketch of him as he appeared to his contemporaries there, by Mr. Henry James, also a most intimate and valued College friend. Mr. James has so justly and delicately appreciated the character of his friend, that I gratefully avail myself of his considerate permission to print here the felicitous description of it contained in this interesting record of his personal recollections.

"To recal the Julian Fane of this period [1847—1850] is to remember the brightest hours of the happiest of my College days. I believe that all men felt exhilarated by his presence. He brought to the discussion of graver topics such

buoyancy of heart, and to lighter talk contributed so much wit and gaiety and happy laughter, that dulness and he were seldom found together. Those who knew him only by name and by sight, and drew their estimate of 'Fane of Trinity' from hearsay comment, and such casual indications as his habits and manner afforded, would probably describe him as a singularly handsome and graceful man, of a refined and sensitive nature, redeemed from all charge of effeminacy by a manly dignity of presence and a certain noble carelessness, who held himself rather lightly aloof from the usual pursuits of University men. He seldom attended lectures, never boated, utterly disliked wine-parties, very rarely was seen at a breakfast, cared neither for billiards nor cards, never rode nor drove, rarely visited the Union, and belonged to no 'set.' It was but natural that coming up to Cambridge after the experience of four years at a foreign Embassy, his interest in College life—though he was then under twenty—should differ from ours, who rejoiced in it mainly as bringing freedom from the restraints of school, and as being our first introduction to responsible life.

He saw in it only a delightful opportunity for quiet reading, and for the cultivation of his special gifts. His distribution of time was somewhat unusual. Those who wished to have a walk with him did well not to fix the meet at their own rooms, but wisely sought his about one o'clock, and supplemented the ineffective efforts of his College servant to break his slumber. They broke lightly enough, however, at a friend's voice, and no more willing or more joyous companion could one anywhere find. Neither monotonous roads nor gloomy weather dispirited him. Indeed, I never remember seeing him even for a moment moody or despondent; but he had always the air of a man of faultless health and temper, to whom simply to live was enjoyment. After hall his wont was to retreat to some friend's rooms, and there to sit at ease and talk and talk. Those only who have known the infinite charm of his conversation, can imagine how vividly the memory of these hours lives for many of us. For myself I owe to them, beyond the inexhaustible delight which they opened to me in a friendship so warm and kindly, the first germs of thoughts, and

feelings, and tastes, which I have often since recognized as most valuable possessions. Not seldom we sat thus till midnight; though his usual habit was to return about eight to his own rooms, and sit up reading and writing till the morning.

"His intellectual sympathies at this time were essentially artistic. He took a very strong interest in politics, and had a leaning towards philosophy, but poetry and music he passionately loved. Possibly many of his friends never heard him read a line, for he most sensitively shunned the reputation of an enthusiast, but sometimes, as the memory of some favourite passage stirred within him, he would glow with the fire of Shakespeare's burning thought, or melt to the tremulous tenderness of Tennyson or of Shelley. His voice was then as a perfect instrument in a master's hand, ready to utter the most intense passion, or to vibrate to the lightest touch of subtle feeling: yet not voice only was eloquent, but every look and motion. The force of his expression is witnessed to by the fact that I can remember to this hour, as I read 'Hamlet' or 'In

Memoriam' or many of Shelley's lyrics, his action and tones as he read them to me twenty years ago; and its excellence is attested, by my judgment at least, as I find that I still can gain no more delicate or more profound appreciation of these passages than that which I caught thus from him. Of his own poems of this period I need not speak, as most of them have been published. His power in music I was not able at all adequately to measure, though I could not but observe constantly how great was his love for it. He had an exceedingly fine ear, and quite a marvellous facility in remembering music he had heard. He often composed, though as he knew nothing at this time of musical notation he was unable to write anything down. He not unfrequently would sing over to me the airs to which he had linked some favourite lyric. He very soon banished his piano from his rooms, as he found that it stole his thoughts from reading; and one might well understand that, hearing how often in the day they were unconsciously pursuing some melody.

"It was a matter of regret to some of us, I

remember, that he did not take part frequently in the Union debates. To my knowledge he spoke there but once, when he created an impression—it was in the midst of a debate on democracy—rather by the announcement of certain startling intelligence which he had that evening privately received of the popular insurrection in Berlin, than by any eloquence he displayed. He had certainly the presence, the fire, and the gift of ready thought and word which go to make an orator. I doubt, however, whether he would not always have needed a great occasion, and a highly cultivated audience to call him forth. He did not care much, I think, to persuade masses of men, but rather to win those for whom he had affection. Many of those who now so deeply regret his loss will remember how powerfully he could urge an argument in which his feelings were engaged. Many too will recal with what grace and vigour, and also with what infinite humour he took his part in those more friendly and free debates* which 'in another place' were waged

* An allusion to the Conversazione Society before described.

'On mind and art,
And labour, and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land.'

"From his first entrance into that Society, he eagerly embraced the tradition of fraternity which he found to be one of its most cherished principles. Always eager-hearted and unrestrained, he found himself at once in a climate suited to his genial and affectionate nature. He would hardly have been the leader of thought amongst us, even if we had been disposed to acknowledge one, nor was he, as some others were, the recognized champion of certain opinions to be held against all comers. He was always, however, a forward fighter, and brought a very tough lance into the field. Still he will be rather remembered amongst us, I think, for his brilliance and grace, for his buoyant spirits, for his gentle wit and happy raillery, for his generous warmth of heart and quick sympathy, and for all those countless courtesies which so much endeared him to us all.

"No one of his intimate friends could at any period of his life, I imagine, speak of him without enthusiasm. For myself no words would

seem to me too strong to describe the admiration which I felt for him in our College days. It is possible, no doubt, to analyse this feeling to some extent, and thus show in part to others, the secret of the charm he exercised. This I have tried to do: but words can no better paint the beauty of a spirit finely touched by nature, than they can describe the individual expression of a face, or the tones of a voice. It will be at once seen that I have attempted to recal him only as he was when he 'wore the gown.' Distance and diversity of life, though they never weakened our friendship, from that time so far separated us as of necessity to make my knowledge of him in the maturity of his power very fragmentary. I have but recorded my impression of him as he was during a brief period of repose in his active life, retracing the mere outline of a living picture which always has been dear and now is sacred in my memory.

"H. A. J."

"October, 1870."

A few words it will be right to add before passing from these College days. The delight in his

companionship, then felt by all, has been in a remarkable manner shown by these letters quoted from some of the most distinguished of the men who had the privilege of sharing it. But there were also results from his Cambridge residence, of which mention should not be omitted. Prominently as we see the charm of his social habits remaining in the recollection of all who at that time came in contact with him, I have reason to know that he was also acquiring while there, notwithstanding a mode of life that seemed adverse to the acquisition, gains in the way of labour and study which were afterwards a very precious possession to him. Underneath that seemingly desultory life, he managed to find time for much hard, steady work; and it was his own belief at a later time that the check thus placed on the inclinations which his nature might have led him more freely to indulge, had been his greatest advantage brought away from Cambridge. Many causes afterwards conspired to weaken this; but the determination with which he went to College, and the degree of success that attended the effort he there made to repair the

interruptions to his previous education, were influences that remained with him to the very last not inoperative. The practical side of his character, almost unconsciously to himself, had been silently strengthened by them. "Every one who knew him thoroughly," writes one who was not a sharer in his College life, but who watched closely his subsequent career, "must have felt that what after all was pre-eminently remarkable in him, was the strong practical understanding, the upright, almost stern sense of justice, which, mingling with so many light and bright qualities as rose ever to the surface with him, constituted the secret of his attraction to so many persons of the most opposite tastes and tendencies." It was in my opinion in an especial manner due to the effect upon him of his work at Cambridge, that this force of character found the means to make itself thus variously felt, and that so many men of opposite pursuits and temperaments liked him, were influenced by him, and thought themselves the better for their intercourse with him.

CHAPTER IV.

Qualities which fitted Julian Fane for Parliamentary success counteracted by others of a different order. Life at Apethorpe. Verses descriptive of Apethorpe. Attaché at Vienna. Life there. Early verses. Point of view from which they should be regarded. Specimens. Later unpublished Poetry.

MR. JAMES has referred in his sketch, to the natural eloquence of Julian Fane, with some doubt as to whether it was of a kind likely to achieve a great Parliamentary success. My own impression is that if, at any period of his life, Julian Fane had entered Parliament, his success as a speaker would have been immediate and brilliant. But I greatly doubt whether he either would or could have taken an active or leading part in the business of the House. He possessed in a high degree all those qualities which recommend a first speech to the favourable hearing of such an assembly as the House of Commons. His figure was lofty and striking; his countenance expressive and eminently high bred; his gesture

naturally graceful. He had exquisite taste and tact, thorough good humour and good sense, and that tolerance of platitude which is so valuable a quality in dealing with popular assemblies. But with his passion for literature, he would probably have broken loose from any prolonged servitude to the vulgar drudgeries of Parliamentary life; and, even if he could have resolved upon the permanent subordination of his inbred tastes to common-place business, the way would not have been clear for him.

We all know what sort of career is offered by English political life to any man who is too conscientious to attach himself to party. I once expressed to an eminent English politician my surprise at the pledge he had given his constituents to support a measure in which I was unable to detect anything deserving the approval of his acute and searching intellect. The reply (made in all seriousness) was "If I had not given the pledge, I could not have represented any Liberal constituency; and as I am not a Tory there was no help for it."

His sister says of Julian, in a letter to the

writer: "His scrupulous dread of, and contempt for, deceit, or double motive, was (if it be possible) carried to excess. It was certainly this which made him renounce the ideas entertained for him by others (and at times by himself) of Parliamentary life. Clear-judging enough to see the weak side of all parties, he was too conscientious to bear the idea of attaching himself to any; dreading lest he should ever have to compromise between his party and his conscience; and he carried this feeling to such an extent that it induced him to give up all thoughts of the career for which his tastes, as well as his abilities, really most fitted him." It was probably the same fastidious conscientiousness which also prevented him from entering the Church: a profession which, regarded merely as a profession, was at all times very attractive to his contemplative temperament; and to which at one time he had a strong inclination.

In 1849, whilst he was still at Cambridge, the state of his health necessitated change of air and absolute repose of mind. Acting on the advice of his physicians he returned to Apethorpe, the

country seat of his father, who with the other members of his family was then abroad. Here his time was passed chiefly in the society of an old keeper, and in the enjoyment of field-sports, for which he retained to the last the keenest relish. "He often recalled that time," says his sister, "as one of the happiest in his life. He loved the place, and everything about it; and I have heard him say, in later years, that, had he gone into the Church (as was once thought of,) the life in the old rectory at Cliffe (close to Apethorpe, and in his father's gift) would have been more congenial to his real tastes than the life which, as it happened, he was destined to lead." His affection for Apethorpe, and the tenacity of it, have found touching expression in some delightful lines written by him in the year 1860. By a few delicately descriptive touches, they set before us a perfect picture of the old house he loved so well; and the reader will find in them adequate evidence of the grace and strength of his later versification.

"The moss-grey mansion of my father stands
Park'd in an English pasturage as fair

As any that the grass-green isle can show.
Above it rise deep-wooded lawns; below
A brook runs riot thro' the pleasant lands,
And blabs its secrets to the merry air.
The village peeps from out deep poplars, where
A grey bridge spans the stream; and all beyond,
In sloping vales and sweet acclivities,
The many-dimpled, laughing landscape lies.
Four-square, and double-courted, and grey-stoned,
Two quaint quadrangles of deep-latticed walls,
Grass-grown, and moan'd about by troops of doves,
The ancient House! Collegiate in name,
As in its aspect, like the famous Halls
Whose hoary fronts make reverend the groves
Of Isis, or the banks of classic Cam."

"He was never happier than when at Apethorpe," (I quote from the letter of one who was much with him in those days) "and never more brilliant or more genial than when living there with his country neighbours. He seemed to take the liveliest interest in all the poor of the village, and the dependants of his father's estate. With the keenest sense of humour and a rare appreciation of character, it was his daily delight to draw out their peculiarities. But in doing so he threw himself heartily into all their interests, and divined their feelings with a genuine sympathy. In such intercourse he was gracious

without being patronising, and familiar without loss of dignity. From his parents he inherited the power of giving unaffected cordiality to all social relations; and he was as anxious to please, as considerate, and as attentive to the feelings of others, when entertaining the humblest and least gifted of his father's numerous country guests, as amid the brilliant intellectual society in which I have met him at other times."

In 1851, Lord Westmorland quitted Berlin, and was appointed British Minister at Vienna. Thither his son Julian accompanied him, in the character of unpaid attaché to that Mission. He was promoted to the rank of Second Paid Attaché in the winter of the same year, and to that of First Paid Attaché in the summer of 1853. The duties of First Paid Attaché to a large Mission are often onerous. He organizes its mechanical work, and assigns to each of his subordinates his appropriate labour, for the adequate performance of which the responsibility rests with him, not with them. He keeps its archives and the various registers of its current correspondence, political, commercial, consular, and private. In German Missions it is

generally the First Attaché who undertakes the principal work of translation, which is often heavy. In addition to these duties Julian Fane, so long as Lord Westmorland remained Minister at Vienna, performed those of Private Secretary to his father. All this while he continued to mix largely in Viennese society; of which, says one who knew him at that time, "he was the life and soul; dancing at all the balls, acting in all the private theatricals, frequenting the club, &c." Nevertheless his professional and social occupations did not prevent him from assiduously prosecuting his private studies, and cultivating his many accomplishments. After a long day of professional business, followed by a late evening of social amusement, he would return in the small hours of the night to his books, and sit, unwearied, till sunrise in the study of them. Nor did he then seem to suffer from this habit of late hours. His nightly vigils occasioned no appearance of fatigue the next day. This was probably the most active and animated period of his life; and I think that during these years he read harder and more systematically than at any later time. In the

year 1852, he returned to England to superintend the publication of a small volume of poems, of which it is now time to speak.

Julian Fane was the perfect realization of a character as rare perhaps as that of the poet, the statesman, or the orator. But it is not any of these, and it essentially differs from them all. It is that of the man who partakes of them all, who understands, judges, and feels them all. Of him I use the word "accomplished" only in the highest sense. The outcome of his complete individuality was thoroughly original; but it was not original poetry, original eloquence, or original intellect. It was original *charm:* a charm not only original but *unique,* and which included a high degree of poetry, eloquence, and intellect. He was a man of whom it might truly be said—

> "All liberal natures his did hold,
> As the Ark held the world of old."

His verses, therefore, must be regarded only as one of the incidental products of his multitudinous accomplishments, and as evidence of his many-sided sympathy with all forms of intellectual

beauty. From this point of view they are remarkable. They are not the embodiments of those great objective conceptions which constitute the originality of creative poets; nor yet are they the spontaneous irrepressible bird-notes of that genuinely lyric temperament which unconsciously transmutes all subjective sensations into an original music of its own. They have been written partly to solace a passionate taste for poetry, partly as the choicest forms of expression for domestic affections deeply felt, and yet ideally contemplated.

In some childish verses written by him in his schoolboy days, after alluding to the poet's desire of fame, and prevision of posthumous renown, he says—

> "But I myself desire not
> The joys which spring from such a source;
> I covet, know them, prize them, not;
> I feel not their inspiring force."

"Events," he says—

> "——in after years remain
> Still fresh and clear to memory,
> But we can never *feel* again
> The bliss they gave in passing by:"

save by the aid of Poetry which revives our faded

impressions, and restores not only the outward image, but also the inmost emotions, of the past.

> "And we behold our childhood's home,
> Our days of youthfulness and joy,
> The scenes thro' which we loved to roam
> When yet we claimed the name of Boy."

"These," he concludes, "are the charms for which I write: this the ambition of my soul!" Whereto I find appended this pencil-mark in the handwriting of later days: "God wot, the ambition is poor enough, and the rhymes worthy of it. J. F." Yet these childish rhymes (poor, indeed, as compared with the careful polish and deepened strength of his later compositions) indicate very truthfully the nature of those sentiments for which his cultivated taste, and passionate love of beautiful language, first prompted him to find appropriate expression in verse. The lines thus written were not challenges to fame, but sacred gifts privately offered on the altar of household affections. All his early verses are to be described as of an essentially domestic character; for the most part they appear to have been prompted by the daily incidents of personal friendship or family

affection; and the subjects and titles of them will sufficiently explain why I leave them undisturbed in the sanctuary of those household gods to whose gentle worship they were dedicated. "To my mother, with a wreath of flowers;" "On receiving a note from two young ladies with only the word *wir* in it;" "To B——, during sickness;" "On leaving Berlin, 1847;" "On my father's birthday;" "Lines to be repeated by R—— to her mother on her birthday;" "To R.;" "To Ernest Fane" (his brother); "To L." (his dead sister); "To my mother;" "An Ode," addressed to Jenny Lind, whose genius he warmly admired, and for whom he had a cordial affection. "A birthday choral ode;" "To K——;" "To ——, in the first leaf of her commonplace book;" "To R——" (in French); "In memory of Lord Belfast;" "In memory of Lord Raglan;" &c.

Out of a large number of verses written on such subjects only a very limited selection could properly be made for publication. In that selection he was assisted by his mother, to whom most of them had been originally addressed. The small volume published in 1852 was the result of their

deliberations; and, says she, "we afterwards laughed heartily at one of the criticisms denouncing the number and variety of his amours, as implied by the numerous names to which the verses were addressed: the fact being that he and I together had chosen and applied them, carefully avoiding the names of friends."

From this little volume, I select the following specimens of its writer's earliest poetry.

TO KATHLEEN.

I.

WHEN, in that hour which saw us part,
My faltering voice refused to tell
The anguish of an aching heart,
From thy sweet lips these accents fell:

II.

"Thou leav'st me on a darkened strand,
And, fading from my faithful eye,
Like Light thou passest from the land,
And I will follow—or I die."

III.

I wait, I watch, as from a tower,
On leaden wings the minutes move!
Thou comest not, nor comes the hour
That brings me tidings of my love.

IV.

I wait—and Morning comes indeed!
I watch her glowing steps encroach
Upon the dark, and think to read
The signal of thy sweet approach;

V.

Or draw, when twilight veils the world,
Vague promise from the rich array
Of clouds, like banners half unfurled,
That droop about the dying day.

VI.

So Morn and Eve, that slow succeed,
By turns my futile fancy fire,
And bring but lying thoughts to feed
An ever-unfulfilled desire.

VII.

But these blank, bitter hours that still
The daily death of hope renew,
Are weak to vanquish Love, and kill
The cherished thought that counts thee true.

TO THE SAME.

KATHLEEN! my saint, thou art in heaven,
No griefs can cloud thy nature now;
Thy sin (if sin it were!) forgiven,
A glory girds thy guiltless brow:

And thou with all the sainted Dead,
Who watch God's throne with happy eyes,
Dwellest where tears are never shed,
And only Pity sometimes sighs.

Ah! turn not thy clear eyes below,
Lest thou, whose human tears would roll
Adown thy cheek, in streams of woe,
If ever sorrow dimmed my soul,

Should'st see me where I sit forlorn,
And rock and sway an aching breast,
And strive in vain, while so I mourn,
To lull my sleepless woe to rest:

Lest thou, my darling, noting this,
Should'st feel a vague sense o'er thee creep
Of something wanting to the bliss
Of Angel-souls—who cannot weep!

TO THE SAME.

I SAILING on life's ocean lone,
Knew thee, Kathleen! whilst thou wast here,
A nature higher than my own,
And centred in a higher sphere!

And looking on thee from afar,
Fair beacon-light to my frail bark,
I saw thee lapse, a falling star,
And slide into eternal dark!

Ay me! what voice of piteous range,
What song of sorrow from my lips
Can paint the black, the bitter change
That marred my life at thy eclipse!

A helmless bark, by tempest torn,
At random on the wild waves cast,
Whose tattered colours float forlorn,
In signal, from the broken mast!

Which sail-less drives, with rigging bare,
Before the whirlwind's withering breath;
Blow on! bleak blast of keen despair,
And dash it on the rocks of Death!

ODE.

I.

THE year lies bound in wintry chains,
The keen frost sparkles in the air,
The snow-sheet whitens all the plains,
The leafless trees are black and bare;
The swallow hath fled o'er the lea,
The songsters make no minstrelsy,
The bitter wind makes hollow moan;
Around each household hearth a throng
Is gathered for the tale or song;
But thou art not the groups among,
Thou sittest in the house alone!

II.

The year is up, and full of mirth,
The laughing plains are decked with green,

Spring walks upon the happy earth,
The vernal breezes blow serene ;
The birds pour song from every tree,
Beneath them hums the murmuring bee,
The air is rife with merriest sound ;
All hearts are light—the hour is sweet,
Glad faces in the sunshine meet,
Both young and old leave their retreat,
But thou with Solitude art found !

III.

Thou art not of a sullen mind,
For thou art loving, gentle, good ;
Thou art no hater of thy kind,
But thou adorest Solitude.
The Seasons change, the fleeting years
Pass on ;—in thee no change appears,
Thou art the same from day to day ;
Calm, quiet, amorous of rest,
But, with an equal temper blest,
Not bitter to the stranger guest
Who traverses thy lonely way.

IV.

All in thy solitary hours
What consolation dost thou find ?
Large comfort from those heavenly Powers
That brood about the lofty mind ;
The spirits of the Great and Good
Attend upon thy solitude,
With Wisdom's philosophic scroll ;
And from the bright immortal page
Of bard inspired, and reverend sage,
(The Wise and Just of every age)
Is fed the fountain of thy soul.

V.

Then let the silly blockhead prate
About "the joyous and the free!"
And gravely shake his empty pate,
And mourn the lot of such as thee!
He knoweth not (himself unblest)
The calm contentment of that breast
Where dwells divine Philosophy;
She takes the salt from human tears,
She leaps the gulf of countless years,
And scorning abject doubts and fears,
Points upwards to her home—the sky!

VI.

I will not say that thou art free
From thoughts which wring the tender heart:
The reflex of thy memory
May haply cause thy tears to start;
Thou art so full of mystery,
I will not scan thy history,
But let me speak that which I know:
If gentle in thy thoughts and deeds
Thou, having sown thy generous seeds,
Hast reaped in tears a crop of weeds,
Thou hast great comfort in thy woe!

VII.

O'er countless wrongs the heart aggrieved,
In anguish for a space may brood;
But happy he, who hath received,
And not requited, ill for good!
The shining deeds by Virtue done,
(As through the tempest breaks the Sun)
Their rays through clouds of sorrow dart;

And, whatso'er thy griefs, I know
A thousand virtuous acts bestow
(Though breaking through thick mists of woe)
Their heavenly sunshine on thy heart.

VIII.

But here I cease my minstrelsy,
Too fearful lest I miss my end;
And, tender heart, in wounding thee,
Against my better thought offend.
Thou hast no need of words from me,
For thine own soul's divinity
Can lift thee from the world below;
And, passing through thy upturned eyes
Into the regions of the skies,
Thy spirit can sublimely rise
Beyond the thoughts of earthly woe!

SONG.

THE winds are lulled in perfect sleep,
The slumbering leaves they are not stirred,
And only from his covert deep
The nightingale's sweet note is heard;
He sings and trills, nor waiteth long
Ere from the hazel-copses nigh,
His happy mate her happiest song
Attunes into a sweet reply!

So answer, dearest! thou, nor wake
The echoes rudely to my ear,
Or this wild heart I feel will break
At sudden joy, to know thee near;

But softly sing that, through the trees,
Thy voice, before thee on the pad,
May reach me like a plaintive breeze,
And like a sigh that is not sad.

TO MINNA.

THY words imply that Love which bides
In human breasts, perforce must know
A rise and fall, an ebb and flow,
As constant as the ocean tides;

Be it so! with those whose petty cares
In narrow hearts have sown disease;
Dearest! thou art unlike to these,
Nor should thy love resemble theirs;

Be thy rare love like that sweet sea
Which, peerless, owns enchanted waves,
And in still beauty tideless laves
The happy shores of Italy!

A SIMILE.

A THRONED queen listening the musical love
Of thronging multitudes, resembleth thee
Seated upon the waters, and above
Bearing thy bold brow, beautiful and free,
While at thy sovereign feet the subject Sea

Rolls—and vast multitudes of vocal waves,
With such strange din as Love and Liberty
Send from the wild hearts of new-franchised slaves,
Salute thy ear, and echo, Albion! through thy caves.

AD MATREM.

If those dear eyes that watch me now,
With looks that teach my heart content:
That smile which o'er thy placid brow
Spreads, with Delight in pure concént:
And that clear voice whose rise and fall
Altérnates, in a silver chime:
If these fair tokens false were all
That told the tale of fleeting Time—
I scarce should mark his swift career,
So little change has o'er thee passed,
So much thy Present doth appear
Like all my Memory holds most dear,
When she recalls thy perfect Past!
Unchanged thou seem'st in mind and frame:
Thy sweet smile brightens still the same:
In thy fair face is nothing strange;
And when from out thy pure lips flow
Thy earnest words with grace, I know
Thy Wisdom hath not suffered change!
And so thy Presence, bland and glad,
Wherein no trace of change appears,
Proclaims not that this day will add
A fresh sheaf to thy garnered years!
But Time himself proclaims his power,
And will not pass unheeded by:
At every turn his ruins lie,

I track his steps at every door;
Or, musing with myself, I find
His signet borne by every thought,
From many a moral blemish wrought
By more of commerce with my kind;
Who am not armed, as thou in youth,
To bear unhurt the brunt of Life,
To battle with the foes of Truth,
And issue scarless from the strife;
Not pure, as thou, to pass unscared,
Where knaves and fools infest the ways,
By their rank censure unimpaired,
And spotless from their ranker praise.
And thus the slow year, circling round,
Mars with no change thy soul serene,
While I, though changed, alas! am found
Far other than I should have been,
And only not at heart unsound,
Because thy love still keeps it green;
Oh! therefore, from that worst decay
To save me with Love's holiest dew,
Heaven guard thee, dear! and oft renew
Return of this thy natal day:
And teach me, with each rolling year
That leaves us on a heartless Earth,
To love thee so, that Love may bear
Fruits worthier of thy perfect worth;
And so, whatever ills betide,
Whatever storms about me lour,
Though broken by the bolts of Pride,
And scorched by Envy's lightning power,
I shall not perish in the blast,
But prosper while thou still art nigh,
By my pure love preserved, and by
My guardian Spirit saved at last.

The "Ode" which I have included among these poems was written by Julian to the second wife of his grandfather; an eccentric woman, whose life had not been happy, but who possessed many fine and generous qualities which were warmly appreciated by her grandson. In all that have been quoted, taken from the volume published in 1852, the influence of various popular poets, and chiefly of Mr. Tennyson, can doubtless be detected: but I have already indicated the point of view from which I think they should be regarded. Upon a later page, however, will appear some poems hitherto unpublished, which express the same vividness of personal affection, deepened as the years had passed, and which take from his maturer thought and experience a higher character. From his earliest boyhood to the latest year of his life, his mother's birthday never came and went without being greeted by him with a tribute of song. Neither business, nor pleasure, nor extreme physical pain ever interfered with the religious regularity of these annual dedications of an affection exalted into piety by the sacred tenderness and infinite depth of its devotion.

Many of them were sonnets in the form of which Shakespeare made such wonderful use, and which later English poets have so little employed, that, in the range of modern poetry, few happier examples of it exist than Julian Fane's. He made of it, as the Great Master had done, a "key to unlock his heart." Originality of expression accompanies all intensity of genuine feeling; in the poetic nature it takes its highest and happiest manifestations; and what is merely imitative in the manner of his sonnets "Ad Matrem," is no drawback from the pleasure with which they will be read. Their source and inspiration went deeper than any other emotion of his life, and some of them are the best poetry he has written.

CHAPTER V.

Unpublished Translations from Heinrich Heine, and sketch of Heine, by Julian Fane.

In the month of November, 1855, Julian Fane contributed to the Saturday Review an article upon Heinrich Heine, which I believe to be the first article published by that Review on the subject. Many excellent ones upon it have since appeared, both in the Saturday Review, and other critical periodicals; and the life and works of Heinrich Heine are now better known to the English public than they were at the time when Fane's notice of them was written. This article, however, is still interesting. It contains one of his excellent translations from Heine, and forms an appropriate introduction to the others, to be shortly given, in connection with which it is here reprinted.

HEINRICH HEINE, POET AND HUMORIST.

HEINRICH HEINE commenced his literary career in the year 1821. He then published, under the title of *Youthful Sorrows*, the first series of those lyrical poems which compose the celebrated *Book of Songs* (*Buch der Lieder*), and four years later appeared the first portion of his *Scenes of Travel* (*Reisebilder*)—two productions which at once established his fame as the founder of a new school of German letters. The latter work, written in prose, with interludes and fragments of verse which have since been incorporated into the *Buch der Lieder*, is neither a romance nor a descriptive book of travels. It may rather be called a picture of the times in which it was written. The hopes and fears which then agitated the minds of men, the conflict of opinions, religious, moral, and political, which convulsed society, are, under many disguises, and with much circumlocution, the themes of which it treats. One of the chief aims of the scornful writer was to revile that spirit of patriotism which, while it roused the German people to throw off the yoke of France, had taught them, in resisting French dominion, to rebel also against French ideas and to repudiate the principles of the Revolution. When that national enthusiasm in Germany passed away with the

causes that had engendered it, a profound melancholy seemed to settle upon the nation. It might in part have been produced by the reaction which naturally followed a period of such fierce and enduring excitement; but the influence of disappointed hope, leading to the relinquishment of long-cherished expectations, was plainly to be traced in the sullen lethargy of the people. The author of the *Reisebilder* denounced both the hopes which had elated and the disappointment which now depressed his countrymen. Their follies are the object of his contemptuous satire; the glories of the Consulate and Empire kindle his wild declamation; and the Emperor, transfigured in the imagination of a poet, becomes the hero of revolutionary France—the rude inaugurator of a new era for men. But there is no subject too grave, no theme too light, for the supple pen of the brilliant writer. At one moment, he assaults and takes by storm the strongholds of antiquated opinion; at another, he describes with infinite humour a tavern-supper; and an English tourist, a schoolboy, a passing cloud, furnish him with food for merriment or reflection as he pursues his careless way. Into the province of Art the young Reformer entered with an audacity which astounded its sober and terrified guardians. Singing his wild "Ça Ira," he proceeded with revolutionary zeal to overturn the idols he there found enthroned. The

romantic school, with its nasal twang, must depart; the maudlin worshippers of a canting sentimentalism must be thrust out; senseless forms, from which the spirit had long since fled, now get buried without any rites of sepulture; exact propriety and pompous gravity are dismissed with a laugh, and pedantry in all its sickly shapes must be banished from the national literature. Great was the dismay, and great also the indignation, produced by the feat of the adventurous writer. His countrymen divided at once into two hostile parties, one of which saw with alarm and shame the attack made upon all that it had been taught to consider venerable, while the other, gazing with rapture on the havoc that had been done, hailed its author as the chief of a happy revolution in the history of literature and art.

But if opinions were divided on the merits of the *Reisebilder*, there was one general acclamation to extol the *Book of Songs*. Here was a mere youth writing lyrics with a freshness of diction and terseness of expression which would have done honour to the great Goethe himself, and with a grace of fancy which was peculiarly his own. Those who had been accustomed to look for the springs of poetry only in the artificial sentiments of rose-coloured romance, and to receive their inspiration in contemplating the characters and acts of heroes of fiction, were now taught that a true

poet could discern spiritual beauty in the unsophisticated emotions of a rustic's heart, and could kindle with enthusiasm in singing of the deeds and destiny of his fellow-men. The *Book of Songs* was at once appropriated by the people, and it has ever since been rehearsed and sung by all the populations of Germany. It was appropriated by the people because the beauty of its inspirations was such as could be loved by the most unlettered, and understood by those who could give no reason for their admiration. Special culture, producing technical knowledge, is necessary to him who would thoroughly appreciate works of Art, and the delight felt by the contemplator of its noblest productions will generally be in exact proportion to his apprehension of the skill required to execute them. An ignorant lover of music may be pleased with a symphony by Mendelssohn, but his pleasure will be meagre compared with that of the student who can trace intricate harmony to the subtle combinations of the great master. There are, however, certain efforts of art which, dealing with some familiar occurrence, some vulgar scene or trite sentiment, present them perfect in truth as recognized by every eye, and perfect also in poetry as not recognized before by any eye but that of the artist; and to a large appreciation of these no knowledge is needed. The humour of Wilkie will tickle the soul of the unimaginative man

who gravely played at "blind-man's-buff" in the house of his country-cousin last week; and the sober moralist, who yesterday rebuked, somewhat roughly, the little girl whom he took for an incorrigible liar, will melt to-day at the pathos of Wordsworth and weep over "We are Seven." The genius of Heine loves to busy itself with the actual world, and, combining the humour of Wilkie with the pathos of Wordsworth, has taught the simplest of his countrymen to be tender over the sorrows of a broken-hearted clown, and to make merry with the selfishness of "a generous man." Such poems as "Der arme Peter," "Der brave Mann," and many others in a similar style, have become national property, and it is to them that the *Book of Songs* owes its great popularity.

But if, as has been above indicated, the author of the *Book of Songs* showed, both in his selection and treatment of some subjects, that he possessed qualities in common with the gentle spirit of Wordsworth, he discovered a far closer affinity to the fierce, fretful soul of Byron. He had eagerly embraced, in common with the youth of his day, the principles of Ethics and Theology propounded by Hegel; and in the philosophy of the new school he had thought to find a theory of the universe which could raise him above all vexations of the spirit, and render him, as a demigod, superior to "the ills that flesh is heir to." His first contact

with the world served to dispel the flattering delusion, and the bitterness of his disappointment vented itself in a passion of satirical invective which respected neither things human nor divine. The youth, who had sung with the tenderness of Wordsworth, now scoffed with the temerity of Voltaire, ridiculed with the savageness of Swift, and railed with the spleen of Byron. When the storm of his satire had somewhat abated, his writings became the expression of a soul that still doubted whether it should blandly smile or bitterly scoff at humanity. The fiendish element of sarcasm in the man was counteracted by his great human attribute of humour, and this in its turn was tempered by the gentle charities of a kindly imagination which saved its possessor from genuine misanthropy. But from the day when his faith in the philosophy he loved was shaken, Heine ceased to be an earnest man, and the manifold inconsistencies of his life and writings have followed as a natural sequel upon the overthrow of all law in his moral being.

In the year 1830, being an exile from his own country, he took an active part in the political feuds of the day at Paris. He was of too liberal and enthusiastic a nature to feel sympathy with the advocates of reaction, and he lacked the firmness of character arising from sincerity of conviction, which would have led him boldly to declare for the revolutionary

cause. While he avowed himself a Royalist, he wrote with the license of an insurrectionary chief. If he sometimes appeared as the earnest champion of Louis Philippe and Casimir Perrier, he more frequently displayed himself as the incorrigible humorist, who ridiculed all parties and believed in the principles of none. To the true lover of liberty, who is ever the true hater of anarchy, the political career of Heine is a source at once of irritation and regret, and its history must touch with unaffected sorrow the soul of every true admirer of his rare genius.

In all his latter works he appears in a threefold character—as the tender imaginative poet, the fresh genial humorist, the snarling bitter cynic; and with mingled outbursts of pathos, merriment, and irony he astonishes and perplexes his countrymen. They turn to the volume named *Neue Gedichte*, and find poems which are conceived with the simplicity of thought befitting a child, and clothed in a purity of language not unbecoming the lips of a saint. They turn to *Deutschland, ein Wintermärchen*, and are assaulted by the boisterous humour of a schoolboy, and by the coarse sarcasm of a sceptic who jeers not at the things of this world alone. In *Romanzero*, his latest volume of poems, they find specimens of all his styles, and illustrations of all his inconsistencies. It is compounded of ballads and songs, which, in delicacy of

conception and execution, rival the happiest efforts of his youth; of poems which prove that the flight of time has neither refined the coarseness nor extracted the sting of his satire; and of some passages in prose which could have been written only by the fantastic author of the *Reisebilder* and the *Salon*.

Those who admire with the largest and heartiest appreciation Heine's incomparable humour (a humour which has never been affected by the acutest torments of bodily disease, and which the approach of death itself is unable to subdue), cannot deny that he has frequently and grossly abused the faculty by perverting it to low and libellous purposes. Indeed, the wanton insults which he has heaped upon his countrymen, the unjustifiable personalities in which he has indulged, and the effrontery with which he has approached subjects the most sacred in the eyes of the vast majority of his fellow-beings, do give evidence of a certain moral turpitude in the man—out of which, however, as from a fetid soil, have grown those pure and perfect lilies of song with which he has adorned the literature of his native land. It is impossible not to condemn much that he has written; it is scarcely possible sufficiently to praise a great deal more; and while children and the purest of women love him for the simple beauty of his songs, many a man little

given to the affectation of purism abominates him for the scurrilous ribaldry of his satires. If his countrymen perplex themselves in endeavouring to spell the enigma of his character, it is perhaps because they make the attempt upon very false principles. Surely it is a vain labour to seek for consistency in the thoughts, and consecutiveness in the acts, of the greatest humorist of the age; and the metaphysician, who is only intent on discovering the *Grund-idée*, or leading principle of a man's life, can scarcely hope to gauge the character of Heinrich Heine.

The dying poet lies paralysed, blind, and bedridden in an obscure lodging of the Rue d'Amsterdam at Paris. Speaking of his great physical suffering and distress, he pathetically says: "But do I indeed still exist! My body is gone so greatly to ruin, that there remains scarcely anything but the voice, and my bed reminds me of the sounding grave of Conjuror Merlin, which is situated in the wood of Brozeliand, in Brittany, under lofty oaks, whose tops taper, like emerald flames, towards heaven. Oh! brother Merlin, I envy thee those trees, with their fresh breezes, for never a green leaf rustles about this mattress-grave of mine in Paris, where from morning to night I hear nothing but the rattle of wheels, the clatter of hammers, street-brawls, and the jingling of pianofortes." But amid the turmoil of the mighty city, sleep, the "balm of hurt minds,"

sometimes visits the dying poet, and then he dreams of happier days :—

I dreamt that I was young once more, and gaysome;
I saw the cottage on the high hill stand;
I raced along the well-known pathway, playsome,
Swift-racing with Ottilia, hand in hand.

How bravely is the little body fashioned!
Her deep blue eye, how fairy-like it shines!
She stands upon her small foot firmly stationed,
A form wherein with strength all grace combines.

Her cordial voice it sounds so frank and gracious,
Revealing all her soul, without eclipse;
And all she says is thoughtful and sagacious;
And like a pair of rosebuds are her lips.

It is not love upon my senses stealing—
My reason, undiseased, is at command;
Yet wondrously her Being thrills my Being;
And tremblingly I stoop and kiss her hand.

I think that at the last I culled a flower,
And gave it her, and then spake loud and free:
'Yea! be my wife, Ottilia, from this hour,
That I, like thee, may pure and happy be.'

What she replied I never may remember,
For suddenly I woke; and I lay here,
Once more the sick-man, who in this sick-chamber
Disconsolate has lain full many a year.

Julian Fane's translations from Heine were

never published. They were printed only for private circulation; but they attracted considerable attention from Heine's English admirers, and were noticed by Lord Houghton, in an interesting article on Heine, which appeared some years ago in the Edinburgh Review. *

"The very lightness of these admirable lyrics," says Lord Houghton, "makes it most difficult to reproduce them in another tongue."

For such a task, however, Julian Fane was exceptionally qualified. In the first place, he was an excellent German scholar. In the second place, he had a fine poetic taste, a great facility of expression, and a cultivated ear. In the third place, he was free from that strong idiosyncrasy of genius which makes it so difficult for one original poet to throw himself completely into the humour of another, and simply reproduce the utterances of it, without any admixture of some quality peculiar to his own mind. Shelley's translations from Faust, for instance, are fragments of fine original poetry, but they are very inadequate and misleading reproductions of the

* July, 1856. The Translations were privately printed in 1854.

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original poetry of Goethe. There is in them at least quite as much of Shelley's genius as of Goethe's.

Lord Houghton proceeds to say in the article to which I have referred, that "Mr. Julian Fane's good scholarship renders his translations the most agreeable to those who are acquainted with the originals, but his attempt to transfer to another language many of the most peculiar idioms and most vivacious turns of thought, is frequently unsuccessful." The first (unpublished) version of Fane's translations from Heine was no doubt more or less disfigured by the Germanisms to which Lord Houghton objects. They constitute a defect of which he was not himself unconscious; and, had he ever cared to publish these translations, I am persuaded that, before doing so, he would have carefully removed from them all such impediments to the full enjoyment of their otherwise admirable reproduction of Heine's peculiar style. From the version here for the first time published, indeed, a great number of those foreign idioms, and un-English terms of expression, which were to be found in the version criticized by

Lord Houghton,* has been removed in conformity with corrections penciled by the hand of the translator in later years on the pages of the copy from which it is now reprinted. He seems to have been engaged in the revision of these translations (probably in connection with the biography of Heine which he then contemplated) when that night came upon him 'wherein no man can work.' But the defect of an occasional foreign idiom or hardness of versification, is incomparably less injurious to the value of any metrical translation, than those defects of misinterpretation which poets of the highest order have not escaped, in the endeavour to assimilate their own forms of expression to the genius of another man.

Let these translations speak for themselves, however.†

* It is much to be regretted that Lord Houghton's own translations are not more numerous. They are all of them excellent.

† At the end of each translation are indicated the name of the volume and the number of the page from which the original poem is taken.

B. d. L. signifies Buch der Lieder.
N. G. „ Neue Gedichte.
R. „ Romanzero.

The numbering of the pages is the same in all the editions of Heine's poems published by Hoffman and Kampe, Hamburg.

THE FAIRIES.

THE waves they plash on the lonely strand,
The Moon gives out her beams;
A fair knight rests on the silvery sand
Begirt with happy Dreams.

The beautiful Fairies, fairy-bedight,
Rise out of the great Sea's Deeps;
They softly draw near to the youthful knight,
And they think that he certainly sleeps.

Then, one with curious finger feels
The feathers that deck his bonnet;
Another close to his shoulder-knot steals
And plays with the chain upon it.

A third one laughs and with cunning hand
Unsheaths the sword from its keeper,
And, leaning against the glittering brand,
She watches well-pleased the sleeper.

A fourth, she flutters about and above,
And sighs from her little bosom:
"Ay me! that I were thy true true love,
Thou beautiful Human blossom!"

A fifth the knight's fair fingers clasped,
Filled with Love's longing blisses;
A sixth plays coy for awhile, but at last
His lips and cheek she kisses.

The knight is crafty, nor thinks he soon
To open his eyelids wary,
But quietly lies, to be kissed in the Moon
By fairy after fairy.

N. G. page 157.

SIMPLE SIMON.

I.

JOSIAH and Jane dance blithe on the green
And carol and sing with pleasure;
Poor Simon silently watches the scene,
And pale he looks beyond measure.

Josiah and Jane are Bridegroom and Bride,
All spruce in their holiday frock;
Poor Simon, gnawing his nails, stands aside,
Aside in his dirty smock.

The simple Simon eyes the pair, mute;
Then mumbles and mouths like a dumb thing:
"Now if I weren't just a deal too 'cute,
I'd do to myself a something."

II.

"In my poor breast there lives a Woe
That frets my heart with worry;
And where I stop and where I go
It makes me onwards hurry.

"It draws me to my sweetheart's side
As if Jane might appease it;
But when into her eyes I've spied
I must away to ease it.

"Upon the Hill-top one's alone,
So many a time I hie there;
And when atop I stand alone,
I stand alone and cry there."

III.

The simple Simon totters by,
Timid, and ashen-pale and shy;
And as he threads the public ways
The people turn and stand at gaze.

The lasses whisper, full of gloom,
"There stalks a man from out his tomb!"
Ah! no—ye err, ye gentle lasses,
Not from, but to his tomb he passes.

Him hath his heart's sole joy forsook!
Wherefore the grave's the fittest nook
Where he his sorrowing head may lay,
And sleep until the latter day.

B. d. L. page 52.

THE MOUNTAIN-ECHO.

SLOW through the mountain-valley
Rode a knight young and brave;
"Am I travelling now to my Love's embrace,

Or travelling towards the grave?"
And the sullen echo answer gave,
"Towards the grave."

And the knight rode onwards and heavily sighed,
And he looked so pale and grave—
"And must I so young, so early die!
No matter—there's peace in the grave."
And the sullen echo answer gave,
"Peace in the grave."

Then tears that rolled from the young knight's eyes
His pale cheeks 'gan to lave;
"And can I alone in the grave find peace—
Ah! well—then welcome the grave."
And the sullen echo answer gave
"Welcome the grave."

B. d. L. page 49.

THE PHŒNIX.

THERE comes a bird flying out of the West,
Eastward he flies;
Eastward towards his garden home
Where spices breathe and fragrantly grow,
Where Palm-trees rustle and fountains freshen—
And the rare bird sings as he flies:

"She loves him, she loves him,
His image she bears in her little heart,
She bears it sweetly and silently hidden,
And knows it not herself.

But in her dreams he stands before her;
She sues, she weeps and she kisses his hands,
And calls him by his name;
And, calling, she wakes and lies in terror,
And presses her palms to her beautiful eyes—
She loves him, she loves him."

* * * * *

Against the mast on the high foredeck
I stood, and listened the strange bird's song.
Like dark-coloured steeds with silver manes
Careered the white-curled waves.
Like a flight of swans, with glimmering sails
The Heligolanders sailed afar,
Those Nomads bold of the North-Sea.
Above me, within the eternal Blue,
A white cloud poised;
And beautiful shone the eternal Sun,
That rose of the Heavens, the fiery-glowing,
Which gladly glassed itself in the sea—
And the Sea and the Heavens and my own heart
In echo resounded,
"She loves him, she loves him!"

B. d. L. page 355.

QUERIES.

By the Sea, the desolate midnight-sea,
Stands a lonely youth,
His breast full of sorrow, his head full of doubt,
And with mournful lips he questions the waves.

"O tell me the riddle of Life,
The torturing, time-worn riddle,

O'er which so many a head hath ached—
Heads in Hieroglyphic Night-caps,
Heads in turbans and bonnets black,
Heads in full wigs, and a thousand other
Poor, perspiring heads of men.
Tell me, what signifyeth Man?
Whence does he come? and whither goes?
Who lives there above in the golden stars?"

The waves, they mutter their ceaseless murmur,
The winds they blow and the clouds fly over,
The stars they glitter careless and cold,
And a Fool stands waiting an answer.

B. d. L. page 353.

A TRAGEDY.

I.

FLY thou with me and be my wife,
And, on my heart reposing, roam;
Far in a foreign-land my heart
Shall prove thy country and thy home.

If thou go not—behold! I die,
And thou wilt lorn and lonely be;
And though thou art at home—at home
As in a foreign-land thou'lt be.

II.

The hoar-frost fell in a night of spring,
On the delicate blue-bell flowers it fell,
And they were withered, and perished.

A youth did love a maiden well,
Softly together from home they fled,
Nor father nor mother knew it.

They wandered hither, they wandered thither,
Their lot ne'er knew its lucky star,
Undone they were, and perished.

III.

Above their grave a Linden grows,
Birds sing, and through it the balm-breeze blows,
And under it, on the emerald grass,
The miller's son sits with his bonnie lass.

The breeze, it moans so soft and so weary,
The birds they sing so sweet and so dreary,
The garrulous lovers in silence sigh,
They weep!—and themselves they know not why.

N. G. page 134.

ON THE BROCKEN.

LIGHTER grows the Eastern-Heaven
Where the Sun-beams are aglow,
Far and wide the mountain-summits
Through the mists begin to show.

Had I seven-leagued boots, more fleetly
Over yonder mountain steeps
Than the very winds, I'd travel
Unto where my Darling sleeps.

From the bed whereon she slumbers
Gently lift the curtain-tips,
Gently would I kiss her forehead,
Gently kiss her ruby lips.

And still gentlier say, in whispers
To her lily-ear imparted :
" Dream thy dream that we are lovers,
And that we were never parted."

B. d. L. page 294.

FLUNKEYISM.

RICH Folk are to be gained I fear
Alone by flattest Flattery ;
Money is flat, my little Dear,
And it will flatly flattered be.

With incense-censer and with shovel
Serve thou the godlike, golden calves,
In dust and dirt before them grovel,
But, above all, praise not by halves.

Bread is so dear in these our days !
Natheless at thy command is still
The honied phrase ;—wherefore bepraise
Mæcenas' dog and feed thy fill.

R. page 173.

THE HAUNTED KNIGHT.

THERE lived once a knight who was silent with woe,
His ashen cheeks furrowed with seams;
Tottering, swerving and reeling he'd go,
Quite lost in his dreary dreams.
So wooden he looked, so clumsy, so daft—
The sweet little maids and the flowers they laughed
As he stumbled along with his dreams.

In the dullest corner oft sat he at home,
With all human kind he had broken;
With arms outstretched through his room he would roam
And never a little word spoken!
But when the midnight hour came round,
A wonderful singing and ringing 'gan sound
And a tap at the door came as token.

And his beautiful love steals in on tip-toes—
Flowing drapery floats from her arms;
She blushes and glows like a beautiful rose,
Through her rich-jewelled veil peep her charms;
Adown her fair form golden tresses shower,
Her sweet eyes glow with a sweetness of power—
They sink in each other's arms.

Her in his closest embrace the knight takes—
And his stiff, wooden form takes fire,
The pale cheek reddens, the Dreamer awakes,
And his Spirit mounts higher and higher;
But she, she roguishly teazes him now,
Casts her rich-jewelled veil o'er his eyes and his brow,
And, playful, provokes his ire.

Lo! sudden, in Palace beneath the waves blue
The charmed knight finds himself sitter;
He wonders—his eyes grow dazed at the view
Of its sheeny glory and glitter;
But the Fairy is near him—she stands at his side,
The knight he is Bridegroom, the Fairy is Bride,
And her handmaids play on the Zither.

So sweetly they sing, and so sweetly they play,
And dance on their light feet airy!
The knight feels his senses passing away,
And closer he clasps the Fairy—
Sudden, the lights all fade into gloom;
And the knight sits alone in his lonely room,
In his gloomy Poet's chamber.

B. d. L. page 103.

THE PARSONAGE HOUSE.

THE crescented Moon of Autumn
Forth from a white cloud peers;
Lonely and still in the church-yard
The Parsonage house appears.

The Mother reads in her Bible,
The Son at the candle stares;
Drowsily lolls the elder,
The younger daughter declares:

"God knows the days be dull here,
And the months how dull they be!
Only when some-one gets buried
We get at something to see."

The Mother looks up in answer,
"Thou err'st, there have died but four
Since the day they buried thy father
There, at the old church-door."

The elder daughter says, yawning,
"I'll not starve here with you,
To-morrow I'll to the Squire,
He's rich, and loves me too."

The Son breaks out in a hoarse laugh,
"Three Sportsmen lodge at the Dragon,
Money they make, and right gladly
They'll teach me the trick o'er a flagon."

The Mother hurls the great Bible
Sheer at his bony jowl:
"Wouldst thou, God-forgotten,
With thieving poachers prowl!"

They hear a tap at the window,
They see two warning hands;
There stands the buried Father
Dressed in his hood and bands.

B. d. L. page 197.

ES LIEGT DER HEISSE SOMMER.

THE golden glow of Summer
Is on thy fair cheek still;
And in thy coy little heart, dear,
Is all the Winter's chill.

But this will change, believe me,
Beloved as thou art,
Winter will reign on thy cheek, dear,
All Summer in thy heart.

MISCELLANEOUS.

I.

ONCE on my bedarkened Being
Shone a fair face full of light;
Now, that that bright face is vanished,
Dark I move, encloaked in night.

Children, when they sit in darkness,
Feel chill fears about them throng,
And their little fears to banish
Loud they sing a careless song.

I, a mad-cap child, in darkness
Sit, and carol forth my lay;
Though the song delight you little,
It has charmed my fears away.

B. d. L. page 169.

II.

SHE fled before me like a Roe,
So shyly, and so fleetly;
From cliff to cliff she lightly leapt
With flowing locks, so sweetly.

But where the Rocks sink in the Sea
I laid my hand upon her ;
And softly there with softest speech
I wooed her and I won her.

Heaven-high we sat in heavenly bliss
And sweet contentment holy ;
Far, far beneath us in the Sea
The Sun descended slowly.

Far, far beneath us in the Sea
The beauteous Sun descended ;
The wild waves lightly o'er him leapt
In boisterous triumph blended.

Weep not! the fair Sun lies not dead
Beneath yon sea-foam hoary ;
He hath but crept into my heart
With all his fiery glory.

N. G. page 52.

III.

THOU lov'st me! I had known it
Full many a happy year,
But when I heard thee own it
I shuddered, great with fear.

Then, wild with glad emotion,
I carolled o'er the Down ;
And went and wept by the Ocean
To see the Sun go down.

My heart, the Sun resembling,
Flames, fiery to behold,
And o'er Love's Ocean trembling,
It sinks all broad and gold.

N. G. page 50.

IV.

As the Moon's sweet image trembles
In the restless Ocean wild,
She the while so high in heaven
Shining peaceful, calm and mild:

So thy Soul, my Darling, shining
Calm and mild, the Moon resembles;
In my heart its reflex quivers,
Sole because my own heart trembles.

N. G. page 22.

V.

THE Rose and the Lily, the Sun and the Dove,
I loved them all once with a lavishing love;
Now I love them no more, now I love only One—
The nameless, the blameless, the fearless, the peerless,
My heart's universal and mystical One,
Who herself is now Lily and Rose, Dove and Sun.

B. d. L. page 107.

VI.

EVERY morn I send thee violets
Which at day-break I have culled;
And at night I bring thee roses
Which by twilight I have pulled.

Know'st thou what the figured flowers
Figure forth, and fain would say?
Thou shalt love me all the night long,
And be true to me by day.

N. G. page 33.

VII.

FEAR not thou that I my passion
To the world shall e'er betray,
Though my lips sing of thy beauty
Many a metaphoric lay.

Underneath a bed of flowers
Lies, with purest perfume fraught,
That so thoughtful, glowing secret,
That so secret, glowing thought.

If sometimes a spark suspicious
Upward fly—yet tranquil be!
In love-flames this world believes not,
Takes them all for Poetry.

N. G. page 34.

VIII.

STARS with golden, muffled footsteps
Walk through Heaven soft and light,
Fearful lest the Earth they waken
Slumbering in the arms of Night.

Mutely listening stands the Woodland,
Every leaf an emerald ear;
And how still the shadowed Mountains
With their outstretched arms appear!

Hark! what sound? Within my bosom
Rings the echo of that tone;
Say, was it thy voice, my Darling?
Or the Nightingale alone?

N. G. page 37.

IX.

THROUGH the woods I roam at even,
Through the dreamy woodland wide;
And thy well belovèd figure
Walks for ever at my side.

Is not this thy veil? and is not
This thy face which I behold?
Or are both but empty moonshine,
Through the fir-trees shining cold?

Are they then, alas, my own tears
Which to earth so piteous glide?
Or dost thou indeed, my Darling,
Wander weeping at my side?

N. G. page 47.

X.

THY face so lovely and so bright
I saw in dreams but yesternight,
So Angel-like it looks, so frail,
And ah! so pale, so grievous pale.

The lips alone—thy lips are red,
But Death will shortly kiss them dead,
And quench that radiance of the skies
Which reigns in thy religious eyes.

B. d. L. Page 108.

XI.

THOU art like some young flower,
So sweet, so pure, so fair;
I watch thee;—and a Sadness
Steals o'er me unaware.

Methinks my hands, in blessing,
Above thy head should meet,
Praying that God preserve thee
So fair, so pure, so sweet.

B. d. L. page 215.

XII.

WHEN two poor Lovers part, Dear,
They hand in hand take station,
And then set-to to weep, Dear,
And sigh without cessation.

We two—we did not weep, Dear,
Nor sigh, though broken-hearted;
Our tears, Dear, and sighs, Dear,
They came when we were parted.

B. d. L. page 147.

XIII.

THE world is so fair and the Heaven so blue,
And the breezes so blandly their soft way pursue,
And the flowers in the fields for kind looks sue,
And glimmer and wink in the morning dew,
And in happiness basking all men I view—
And yet from the world and from Life I would flee,
And down in the grave, Darling, nestle by thee.

B. d. L. page 129.

XIV.

WHEN, on my couch reclining,
I lie encloaked in Night,
A sweet and solemn picture
Steals in upon my sight.

And when the lid of Slumber
Shuts out the latest gleam;
Then moves the solemn picture
And mingles with my dream.

But with my dreams at day-break
It will not now depart;
So all day long I bear it
About me, near my heart.

B. d. L. page 216.

XV.

I SLEPT in dark dreams—thro' the darkness
Her features I faintly could trace,
And sudden the indistinct likeness
Resembled her own living face.

Upon her dear lips, softly parted,
I conjured a wonderful smile;
And thro' tears, that I viewed broken-hearted,
Glistened her dear eyes the while.

My tears, as I saw her so grieve,
Flowed down in a plentiful river;
—Oh God! I can never believe
That I have lost thee for ever.

B. d. L. page 193.

XVI.

FAIR in the Sunshine roll the waves
In golden glad emotion;
Oh! Brothers, when I perish,
Go sink me in the Ocean!

Old Ocean I ever have dearly loved;
With its harmonious swell,
Oft hath it soothed this fretful heart;
We liked each-other well.

N. G. page 60.

XVII.

In the North a lonely Pine-tree
Stands on a bare, bleak height:
He slumbers, snowcapped and frozen,
Cloaked in a covering white:

He dreams and dreams of a Palm-tree
Which afar in the East doth stand,
Mutely in solitude pining
On a burning Table-land.

B. d. L. page 131.

XVIII.

The Lotos-flower, Sun-fearing,
Shrinks from Day's garish light;
With down-drooped head appearing,
She dreams and waits for the Night.

The pale Moon is her lover;
Kissed by the Moon, with grace
She wakes, and 'gins uncover
Her meek and beautiful face;

Then blooms and swoons and shivers,
Stares mute, and stands apart,
And sighs and weeps and quivers
With Love and all its smart.

B. d. L. page 113.

XIX.

THE delicate Water-lily
Looks dreamily forth from the meer;
The pale Moon greets her with glances
Of Passion and pain and fear.

Bashful she shrinks, and her shy face
Once more 'neath the wave 'gins cover—
And there she sees at her fair feet
The poor, pale, trembling Lover.

N. G. page 16.

XX.

A FLOWER I love—but which know not I!
This makes me smart.
Into every flower's cup searching I spy,
And seek a Heart.

The flowers breathe sweet in the sweet Moonshine,
The Nightingale trills;
I seek for a heart which is fair as mine,
And as deeply thrills.

The Nightingale sings and I know by her dreary,
Dear, dulcet tone,
That we both of us are both lone and weary,
Weary and lone.

N. G. page 7.

XXI.

THERE lived a poor, old Monarch,
Whose locks were grey, whose heart was dried:
The poor, unyouthful Monarch
He took a youthful bride.

There lived a comely Page too,
Fair were his locks, his heart was green;
He bore her train embroidered
Behind the youthful Queen.

You know the ancient story?
It sounds so sweet; it sounds so drear!
They both must die!—the other
To each was far too dear.

N. G. page 28.

XXII.

THE Cockneys in Sunday attire
Are rambling about o'er the plains;
They shout and they skip and perspire
And greet great Nature with pains.

Their wondering tongues are describing
How all things romantic appear;
Their long, long ears are imbibing
The Sparrow's poor chitterings clear.

But I—I darken my chamber,
Black cloth o'er the casement I lay;
Some Ghosts, who my Being remember,
Come to pay me a visit to-day.

My old, prime Passion returneth,
From Hades it comes forlorn;
It sits by my side and mourneth,
And maketh my own heart mourn.

B. d. L. page 135.

XXIII.

SWEET Fortune is a giddy girl,
And loves in no place long to stay;
From off your brows she'll brush a curl,
And kiss you quick and flit away.

But Dame Misfortune scorning flurry,
Herself to your embrace commits;
She says she's in no kind of hurry,
And on your bed sits down and knits.

R. page 118.

XXIV.

TELL me who first invented watches,
The measure of time by momently scratches?
A shivering man with sorrow fraught.
He sat through the winter-night and thought,
Counting the nibbles of mice in the wall
And the measured clicks of the woodworm small.

Tell me who first did kisses discover?
The warm, glad lips of a happy Lover,
Who kissed and, thoughtless, kissed away.
'Twas in the beautiful month of May,
And out of the Earth the wild flowers sprang,
And the Sun he laughed, and the little birds sang.

N. G. page 24.

XXV.

THOU dainty Fisherman's-daughter,
Paddle thy boat to the Land;
Come hither, and sit beside me,
And chat with me, hand in hand.

Come, lay thy head on my bosom,
Nor all so fearful be;
Fearlessly, fair one, and daily
Thou trustest yon boisterous Sea.

My heart resembles the Sea, my girl,
With its Storm and Ebb and Flow,
And many a precious, priceless pearl
Rests in its depths below.

B. d. L. page 178.

XXVI.

As I, by chance, on a journey
My Darling's family met,
Her Mother, her sweet little sister,
And Father all cried me "well-met."

And much of my health they questioned,
And heartily bade me hail;
They said I had altered but little,
Only my face looked pale.

I asked after Aunts and Relations,
After many a tedious ass;
And after the dear little puppy
With his collar and bells of glass.

And after my married Darling
I asked, with a little delay,
And kindly they told me in answer,
She was in the family-way.

I offered my compliments kindly,
And lisped, with a pang of pain,
That they should give her my greeting
Again and again and again.

The little girl cried, interposing,
"Our puppy, with bells so fine,
Grew a great dog, and went mad, sir,
And had to be drowned in the Rhine."

The little one likens my Darling,
And chiefly in her smile;
The very same eyes, the charming,
That broke my heart erewhile!

B. d. L. page 174.

XXVII.

I WISHED to linger by thee
A pleasant hour or two;
But you must hasten by me,
You had so much to do.

My soul was yours I vowed then,
'Twould be no changeling found,
But you, you laughed full loud then,
And curtsied to the ground.

You caused to ache with smarting
My passion, heartless Miss;
And when we came to parting
Refused a parting kiss.

Yet think not I shall strangle
Myself, though tortured sore;
All this to me, my Angel,
Has happened once before.

B. d. L. page 220.

XXVIII.

THIS young gentleman, so gracious,
Greatly do I honor, Sirs!
Oft he treateth me to oysters,
And to Rhinewine and Liquéurs.

Neatly fit his coat and breeches,
Neat his cravat and his shoe;
And so comes he every morning
And he asks me how I do.

Then he speaks of my attractions,
My bon-mots, my wit, my passion,
And assures me he will shortly
Set me in the blaze of fashion.

Then at many an evening party,
With rapt visage spouteth he,
Loud declaiming to the ladies,
My immortal poetry.

Oh, what joy! that this our Earth of
Such a youth should still be bearer,
Now, in these our days, when daily
Good men rarer grow and rarer.

B. d. L. page 229.

XXIX.

On my dark night a new star 'gins to roll,
A star that smiles down comfort o'er my soul,
And augurs me a happy lot—
Dear Star, lie not!

As to the Moon upheaves the boisterous Sea,
Even so my heaving soul, merry and free,
Yearns to thy holy light afar—
Lie not, Dear Star!

N. G. page 117.

XXX.

WHERE fall my tears, immediate
The fairest flowers up-spring;
And in my sighs a chorus
Of Nightingales sweet sing:

And if thou love me, little one,
I'll give thee all the flowers;
And thou shalt hear the nightingale
Sing sweet among thy bowers.

B. d. L. page 107.

XXXI.

IN the marvellous merry month of May
When all the young buds pouted,
In mine own heart the flower of Love
Unleafed itself and sprouted.

In the marvellous merry month of May
When all the wild birds chanted,
I sang her the song of passionate hope
Wherewith my whole soul panted.

B. d. L. page 106.

XXXII.

THROUGH woods I wander weeping,
The thrush sits up on high!
From branch to branch light-leaping
She sings "Why dost thou sigh?"

Thy sister, friend, the Swallow
Can tell thee why I grieve
She dwells in cunning Hollow
'Neath Darling's casement-eave.

B. d. L. page 173.

XXXIII.

THIS shining Summer-morning,
I through the garden walk ;
The flowers they rustle and whisper,
But I in silence stalk.

The flowers they rustle and whisper,
And kindly my face they scan :
"Ah! be not hard on our Sister,
Thou pale and sorrowful man!"

B. d. L. page 144.

XXXIV.

NIGHT sleeps on the silent Sea-shore
Which the Ocean blandly laves ;
And from out the clouds the Moon comes,
And a voice from out the waves.

"Yonder youth there, is he crazy ?
Say, is he in love? or mad ?
Sad he seems, yet passing merry,
Simultaneous sad and glad."

Soft the Moon with crafty visage
Smiles and speaks, as who should know it,
"Yonder youth's in love and crazy,
And to boot he is a Poet."

N. G. page 48.

XXXV.

INQUISITIVE, the Swallow
Around us flies and dips,
Because my ear so closely
Is glued unto thy lips.

Full fain would she discover
The cause of all my blisses,
And if my ear thou'rt feeding
With syllables or kisses.

Nor do I know precisely
By which my soul is tingled;
The kisses and the syllables
Are marvellously mingled!

N. G. pag 5.

XXXVI.

I HOLD her long-lashed eyelids to,
And kiss her lips and sigh;
Now will she teaze me, teaze and sue
To know the reason why.

At latest eve, at morning too,
She seeks for some reply;
"Why dost thou hold my eyelids to,
And kiss my lips and sigh?"

I'll not show cause for what I do,
Myself I know not why;
I hold her long-lashed eyelids to,
And kiss her lips and sigh.

N. G. page 64.

XXXVII.

If the flowers, the little ones, knew it,
How wounded is my heart!
Then would they with me sorrow,
And weep to heal my smart.

And the Nightingales if they knew it,
How lorn I am and sad!
They'd pour from dewy throttles
A song of solace glad.

And knew they of my sorrows,
The stars in golden glee:
The stars would from their Heaven
Come down to comfort me.

All these, they cannot know it!
One, only, knows my smart;
'Twas she herself disdained it,
Disdained and broke my heart.

B. d. L. page 122.

XXXVIII.

I WITH loving ditties angled
For thy heart in playful sort,
And, in mine own mesh entangled,
Earnest now becomes my sport.

But when thou, with playful titter,
From my grave suit justly turnest—
Fiends of hell my soul embitter
And I shoot myself in earnest.

B. d. L. page 222.

XXXIX.

THE violets blue of her azure eyes,
And the roses red of her cheeks pure dyes,
And the lilies white of her hands likewise—
They bud and they flower and blush full-blown,
And the cold little heart is withered alone.

B. d. L. page 129.

XL.

AND hast Thou now forgotten wholly
That I possessed thy heart once solely?
Thy fair little heart so false and so sweet,
A fairer and falser methinks never beat.

And hast thou forgotten the Pain and the Passion
Which rent my poor heart in so cruel a fashion?
I know not—was Passion more great than the Pain?
Alas! I know only that great were the twain.

B. d. L. page 121.

XLI.

How shamefully thou hast treated me,
From mortal ears I withhold it;
But I sailed far out on the deep blue Sea
And there to the fishes I told it.

I leave thee thy spotless name and brow
On the firm-set Land alone;
For through the whole of the Ocean now
Thy Infamy is known.

N. G. page 58.

XLII.

THY letter long, dear wronger,
Excites no terror strong,
Thou wilt not love me longer—
And yet thy letter's long!

Twelve lines, all unerroneous,
Close-crowded I espy;
That pen's more parsimonious
Which gives a man "Good-bye."

N. G. page 33.

XLIII.

SHADOWY kisses, Love of shadows,
Life of shadows, shadowy Fame;
Think'st thou, foolish one, that all things,
All-unchanged, remain the same?

That which most we love and cherish
Wanes and fades and dream-like flies,
And our hearts Oblivion seizes,
And a slumber seals our eyes.

N. G. page 57.

XLIV.

ALREADY her dull curtain dreary
Wicked Night hath o'er us drawn;
Ah! we feel our Souls grow weary,
At each other gaze, and yawn.

Thou grow'st old and I still older,
Our sweet spring has blossomed by;
Thou grow'st cold and I still colder,
As our Winter creepeth nigh.

Sweet things end in dreary fashion!
After Passion's sweetest pain
Comes the pain without the passion—
After life comes Death amain!

N. G. page 90.

XLV.

ART thou really then so angry,
Really so incensed with me?
I will tell all kinds of people
Thou hast used me shamefully.

Oh! ye lips—ye lips ungrateful!
How *can* ye an ill word say
Of the man who has so dearly
Kissed you in a happier day?

B. d. L. page 240.

XLVI.

SINCE from me they took my bride,
Laughter I have laid aside;
Many a dull wag grinds his chaff,
But I, listening, cannot laugh.

Ever since they made her flee,
Weeping too is strange to me;
From my heart wells misery deep,
But a tear I cannot weep.

B. d. L. page 133.

XLVII.

FIRST, I thought, "I cannot bear it!
Never, let me perish now,"
Yet I have both borne and bear it—
Only do not ask me how.

B. d. L. page 45.

XLVIII.

BEAR with me, and use thy patience
If in this my latest song,
This my newest note, there echoes
Something of an ancient wrong.

Bear with me, for soon shall Silence
Seal the mem'ry of my smart,
And a fresher fount of music,
Gush from out the healéd heart.

B. d. L. page 212.

THE BATTLE-FIELD AT HASTINGS.

DEEP sighed the Abbot when the news
Reached Waltham's courts that day,
That piteously on Hastings' field,
King Harold lifeless lay.

Two Monks, Asgód and Ailric named,
Dispatched he to the plain,
That they might seek king Harold's corpse,
At Hastings 'mongst the slain.

The Monks they issued sadly forth,
And sad their steps retrace:
"Father, loathesome to us is the World,
Fortune forsakes our race.

"The Bastard, the base, lives Victor now,
Fall'n is the Righteous-Brave;
Bands of armed robbers divide the land,
And make of the Freeman a slave.

"The raggedest Boor from Normandy
Now lords it o'er Britain's Isle;
A tailor from Bayeux, gold bespurred,
I saw one ride and smile.

"Woe now to every Saxon born!
Ye Saxon Saints beware,
Lest, Heaven itself unsafe, the scourge
Pursue and spurn you there.

"Now know we what disastrous doom
That comet should forebode,
Which erst, blood-red, through blackest Heaven
On fiery besom rode.

"At Hastings hath that evil star
Its evil potent wrought!
Thither we went, to the battle-field,
And 'mongst the slain we sought.

"We sought to left, we sought to right,
Till, every hope resigned,
We left the field, and Harold the king,
His corpse we did not find.

Asgód and Ailric so they spake;
His hands the Abbot clasped,
Down sat, despairing, sunk in thought,
Then sighed and said at last:

"At Greenfield, near the Harper's Stone,
In the wood's deepest dell,
Lone in a lonely pauper-cot
Doth swan-necked Edith dwell.

"'Swan-necked,' men named her—for that erst
Her neck, of smoothest pearl,
Was swan-like arched—and Harold the king
He loved the comely girl.

"Her hath he loved and cherished and kissed,
And, lastly, abandoned, forgot;
The years roll by—full sixteen years
Have watched her widowed lot.

"Brothers, to her betake yourselves,
And with her back return
To Hastings' field; this woman's glance
Will there the king discern.

"Hither then to the Abbey-church
Do ye the body bring,
That we may yield it Christian rite,
And for the soul may sing."

The Monks at midnight reached the cot
Deep in the dark wood's hollow;
"Wake, swan-necked Edith, and forthwith
Prepare our steps to follow!

"Fate willed the Duke of Normandy
The fatal day should gain,
And on the field at Hastings lies
King Harold 'mongst the slain.

"Come with us now to Hastings—there
We'll seek the corpse of the king,
And bring it back to the Abbey-church,
As the Abbot bade us bring."

No word the swan-necked Edith spake;
Her cloak about her cast,
She followed the Monks; her grizzly hair
It fluttered wild in the blast.

Barefooted, poor wretch, she followed o'er marsh,
Through brushwood and briar she flew:
Hastings at daybreak they hardly reached,
With its white chalk-cliffs in view.

The fog that folded the battle-field,
As 'twere in a snow-white shroud,
Rose slowly, the ravens flapped their wings
And horribly croaked and loud.

Some thousand corpses there lay strewn,
In heaps on the red earth grounded,
Stripped-stark, beplundered, mangled and maimed,
With carrion-horse confounded.

The swan-necked Edith waded on
Through blood with unsandalled foot;
Meanwhile like darts from her staring eyes
The searchful glances shoot.

She searched to left, she searched to right,
And oft she turned unflurried,
To scare the famished ravens off;
The monks behind her hurried.

The whole drear Day had watched her search,
The stars still see her seek;
Suddenly from the woman's lips
Breaks shrill a terrible shriek:

Discovered hath Edith the corpse of the king!
No longer need she seek;
No word she spake, she wept no tear,
She kissed the pale, pale cheek.

She kissed the brow, she kissed the lips,
Her arms about him pressed,
She kissed the deep wound blood-besmeared
Upon her monarch's breast.

And at the shoulder looked she too—
And then she kissed contented
Three little scars, joy-wounds her love
In Passion's hour indented.

Meanwhile the Monks from out the wood
Some twisted branches bring;
This was the leafy bier whereon
They laid their slaughtered king.

They bore him towards the Abbey-church
Whose aisles his bones should cover;
The swan-necked Edith followed close
The pale corpse of her lover.

She sang the Burial-psalm in notes
Of meek and childlike woe;
Dismal it sounded through the night—
The muttering monks prayed low.

R. page 21.

CHAPTER VI.

Life at Vienna from 1851 to 1856. Attached to the Earl of Clarendon's Special Mission ; and present at Paris during the Congress of that year. Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburgh, and life there from 1856 to 1858. Official Reports. Baron Brunow. Secretary of Legation and Embassy at Vienna from 1858 to 1865. Life at Vienna. Habits, occupations, characteristics.

JULIAN FANE was transferred from the Mission at Berlin, and attached to the Mission at Vienna in the month of September, 1851. In the following year, in the month of September, the Duke of Wellington died; and Julian accompanied his father to England in order to attend the funeral of the great Duke. The boy had always been a great favourite of the old hero, and had passed much of his childhood at Walmer and Strathfieldsaye. The Duke delighted in his childish wit, and used often to chuckle over an answer given by the little Julian to some one who asked him if he knew the Duke. "Know him? To be sure I

do," said the child. "Why I'm his near relation, and very particular friend!"

The short time which Julian now passed in England among his old College friends, and occupied only with his little volume of early poems, (published in the summer of 1852), was probably to his naturally quiet temperament a refreshing relief from the constant and fatiguing excitement of his Vienna life. To this, however, he returned very soon after the Duke's funeral. Amidst his employments there, as we have seen, he had taken up with great warmth the study of Heine; and when he returned he resumed with increased fervour his interest in the songs and ballads of that most lyrical of all modern poets. Many of them he set to music of his own, and many he sang with exquisite expression to the charming and well-known music of Vesque Puttlingen, better known by his assumed name of Hoven. About this time, too, Julian had taught himself to play with great perfection on the zither, a musical instrument peculiarly Austrian; something between the harp and the guitar, and probably not very dissimilar in the character of

its music from the classic cithara. It was an instrument adapted exclusively for Austrian airs, and it was then the chief amusement of his leisure hours to play upon it the national music of Austria, of which he was extremely fond.

In the year 1855, Lord Westmorland resigned his post, and retired into private life. His son Julian returned with him from Vienna, and remained that year in England. It will be remembered that the Crimean war was closed in 1856 by the fall of Sebastopol and the Congress of Paris; at which England was represented by the Earl of Clarendon and Lord Cowley. In the February of this year, Julian Fane was attached to Lord Clarendon's Special Mission, and accompanied his Lordship to Paris, where he remained till the close of the Congress and the signature of the Treaties of 1856. It was on this occasion that I first became acquainted with him.

I was at the time attached to the Embassy at Paris, which was, of course, coöperating with Lord Clarendon's Extraordinary Mission, in the negociation of the Peace. My own official business, however, was then of a very subordinate and mechanical

kind, which seldom brought me into professional intercourse with Julian Fane, during his residence in Paris. It was in society that we met oftenest; and I still vividly recal the strong sensation of admiring curiosity with which I first beheld, as a stranger, one who was destined to occupy, only a few years later, a place which death has left for ever vacant among the warmest affections of my life. My attention was attracted, charmed, and absorbed by the appearance of him immediately on entering the salon of a French lady at whose house we met for the first time; and it was with a lively glow of flattered national pride, that I learned from our hostess that we were not only colleagues but also countrymen.

There were assembled at that time in Paris all the most brilliant representatives, young and old, of European Diplomacy; but, not excepting even the stately and majestic grace of Prince Orloff, I cannot remember among them all anyone whose appearance was so immediately or so irresistibly attractive as that of Julian Fane.

After the conclusion of peace he was appointed Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg. At the

same time I was myself promoted to another post, and we did not meet again for three years. It was not without anxiety that Julian Fane's appointment to St. Petersburg was regarded by his mother. In reality he was at that time a strong man, so far as strength consists of capacity for physical exertion. I have never met any young man whose physical vitality appeared to me so inexhaustible. Nor had his love of books at all superseded his boyish delight in field sports and all athletic exercises. In these he excelled no less than in all things else to which his attention was at any time heartily given. But his extreme thinness (the more striking from his great height*), added to the habitual pallor of his complexion, gave him the appearance of great delicacy: and it was with many fears as to the possible effect on his constitution, of a climate so severe as the Russian, that Lady Westmorland accompanied her son to Sheerness; whence he embarked for St. Petersburg on the 16th of June, 1856. Her forebodings were happily unfulfilled. The climate appeared to agree with him, and he liked his new

* It was 6 ft. 3 in.

place of habitation as well as he ever liked any place out of England, which was the country he preferred to all others.

To England he returned two years later, in excellent health, and without having experienced a day's illness during his residence at St. Petersburg. Amongst the many admirable Reports which he addressed from St. Petersburg to the Government at home, there is one upon the trade of Russia which, shortly after it was laid before Parliament, elicited from Baron Brunow, the present Russian Ambassador in London, the following letter—

"MON CHER AMI,

"Mille et mille remercimens de votre aimable billet. * * * * * * *

"Je vais écrire moi-même à Lord Westmorland, pour lui faire mes *apologies*, comme vous dites en anglais. Mais j'ai encore un meilleur motif pour lui adresser quelques lignes; et ce motif vous regarde *personnellement*. Je suis dans l'admiration de votre beau travail statistique sur la Russie! C'est un ouvrage remarquable, mon

cher ami; il faut absolument que j'en fasse compliment à votre excellent père.

"Si j'avais prévu que vous seriez un jour de cette force, je crois que je vous aurais remis avec plus de confiance les rênes entre les mains, quand vous me conduisiez en phaeton à Walmer Castle!

"Mille amitiés
de votre très-devoué
BRUNOW." *

Thus between business and pleasure (with rare capacities for both), varying politics with poetry, and completing the study of books by the study of men and things: never too idle to be serious,

* "MY DEAR FRIEND,

"A thousand thanks for your kind note. * * * * * I am going to write to Lord Westmorland myself, to make him my *apologies*, as you say in English. But I have a still better motive for addressing him a few lines, and this motive personally concerns *you*. I am full of admiration for your excellent statistical report about Russia. It is a remarkable work, my dear friend, and I must positively compliment your excellent father about it. Had I foreseen that you would one of these days come out so strong, I think I should have made over the reins to you with greater confidence that day when you drove me in your phaeton to Walmer Castle!"

never too busy to be gay, but sowing and reaping heartily the field of life allotted to him by Destiny: Julian Fane continued to make the best of himself by making the best of the world as he found it, and to adorn a profession for which he was, indeed, eminently fitted, but which was never, I think, thoroughly congenial to his tastes or aspirations.

In the year 1858 he was transferred from St. Petersburg to Vienna; whither he now returned as Secretary of Legation. Here he was Chargé d'Affaires from the August to the October of that year; and was again in charge of the Mission, from the July to the October of 1859, when he was summoned to his father's death-bed. It was in this year, and at Vienna, that I renewed my acquaintance with him.

In the month of January, 1859, I was appointed to the post of First Paid Attaché at Vienna, formerly held by Julian Fane. The year was that of Lord Cowley's Special Mission to the Austrian Emperor, and it was in casual company with this Mission, which, on my way to my new post, I met at Dresden, that I first entered within the ancient

walls of Vienna. They have long since been pulled down; and many other old things have also disappeared with them from the Capital of the Empire of the Hapsburgs.

The great Prince Metternich was then alive. Prince Paul Esterhazy (who had represented Austria in London during the youth of Lord Palmerston, when he and M. de Talleyrand were colleagues) was not only alive, but in vigorous health. Count Buol was then Imperial Chancellor and Minister for Foreign Affairs. Count Stephen Széchènyi, "the Great Magyar," was still in his strange and tragic retirement, at a lunatic asylum, at Döbling. Count Andrassy, the present Hungarian Prime Minister, was an exile, and under sentence of death for high treason. The English Minister at Vienna was then Lord Augustus Loftus. When in 1860 the British Government decided on raising the Mission at Vienna (or rather restoring it) to its ancient rank, and making it an Embassy, Lord Augustus was appointed to the Mission at Berlin, and Lord Bloomfield to the Embassy at Vienna. At the same time, Julian Fane was promoted from the

rank of Secretary of Legation to that of Secretary of Embassy, and left in this capacity at Vienna; where he remained till the 30th of December 1865. I was appointed Secretary of Legation at Copenhagen in the month of January, 1863; and the period of my greatest intimacy with Julian Fane was, therefore, only four years. During those four years, however, the daily and hourly intercourse between us was uninterrupted. From almost the first moment of my arrival in Vienna to the last of those four unforgotten years of my life which it beautified and gladdened, his companionship became, and continued to be, for me the source of an ever-increasing intellectual and moral delight.

"Die schönen Tage in Aranjuez
Sind nun zu Ende!"

They are gone, those years of happy intercourse, and gone for ever the beautiful and gracious presence that made them what they were: but along the lives of all who once lived in the sunlight of it, the brightness of that presence still shines out of the past, like the jewel which the

Mexicans were wont to place amongst the ashes of the departed to typify the heart.

Julian Fane's life at Vienna, during the whole of the time we were there together, was very different from what it had been in the days when he was Attaché to his father's Mission. He had entirely ceased to go into the world; and his place in the society he had once adorned was vacant. Never, except on compulsory official occasions, did he quit the exclusive retirement in which it was his choice to live during the whole period of our intercourse. In every drawing-room and in every club he was sure of enthusiastic welcomes which he no longer cared to seek; and it was only when he put on his diplomatic uniform that he ever revisited that world of which he had once been so conspicuous a member, and by which his occasional apparition was now greeted with a cordiality not altogether free from a certain curiosity inspired by the mysterious rarity of it. In this love of solitude there was no admixture of misanthropy. It was not the refuge of disappointed ambition, or satiated sensuality, or failing health, or enfeebled spirits. A tempera-

ment more thoroughly social, a humour more habitually cheerful, spirits more inexhaustibly effervescent, were never given to mortal creature. His society was like the sunshine of an eternal summer on a land

> "Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
> Nor ever wind blows loudly."

All in him was clear, and bright, and calm; but never monotonous; a perpetual play of happy influences; "a meeting of sweet lights without a name."

He retained, at this time, the habit of late hours which he had contracted at an early age; and I remember saying to him, with a laugh at the sight of our two faces in the looking-glass, where they looked like a couple of lighted candles in broad daylight, when we once bid each other good-night at past seven o'clock on a summer morning, "It is only going to bed that either you or I will ever catch a sunstroke." He rarely rose before noon, and generally rose much later. He would then eat with great heartiness a substantial breakfast. After reading his letters, looking

through the morning papers, and receiving any visitors who might then happen to call either on business or for the simple pleasure of seeing and talking with him, he would dress, and stroll down to the Legation; close to which his own house was conveniently situated. He seldom remained there more than a few moments (except on Messenger days), as he was in the habit of doing all his official work at home; and, although in the conduct of professional business he was a methodical as well as a hard worker, yet he had a wholesome impatience of that cumbrous bureaucratic harness which is a hindrance rather than a help to the performance of really effective work. From this hour of the day, that is to say from half-past three or four in the afternoon till the Vienna dinner hour of half-past five, it was his daily habit to walk briskly in almost all weathers; and in those pleasant walks we were frequent, almost daily, companions.

Vienna was still at that time a fortified town. Sometimes we walked all round the walls of it, as if it were Jericho, blowing the trumpets of our favourite authors. Sometimes, when the air was

fresh and sunny, and gusts of far away things came to us from the neighbouring hills, still snow-capped, in the clear afternoons of the early spring, we would strike across the grassy glacis upon some voyage of discovery among the outlying suburbs of the city. Sometimes, in gloomier weather, we trudged by many a muddy street into the dim Jews' quarter of the town; peered into misty ragshops; haggled with curiosity dealers for the purchase of cracked tea-cups; and, like schoolboys, popping air-guns at a rookery, let our fancies shoot here and there amongst the dark gabardined and bearded forms (those picturesque Vienna Jews of a day already gone by!) that flitted and babbled about us. Always, and everywhere, something seen in the course of these pleasant walks remained for ever afterwards identified in my memory with some humorous anecdote, some graceful fancy, some thoughtful observation, or witty word of him whose companionship was all their charm. To waste, in visiting less gifted mortals, an afternoon which might be thus delightfully employed, was out of the question. The staff of our Vienna Mission was at that time

composed of some half-a-dozen young men who were all remarkable for their agreeable social qualities and high-bred manners; all of them cordially attached to each other and harmoniously working together; and all of them worthy representatives of a social type which is not very likely, under existing arrangements of the Diplomatic Service, to reappear in the ranks of it. The perfect harmony which then prevailed amongst the members of this Mission, as well as between them and their chief, was greatly promoted by the central influence of Julian Fane. His presence amongst us was incompatible with any kind of vulgarity, ill-temper, or coarseness. It effectually guaranteed the Minister against the possibility of disrespect on the part of his subordinates, whilst at the same time it imperceptibly impressed upon him the necessity of courtesy and consideration in his intercourse with them. This was the best security for efficiency in the general work of a Mission, every one of whose members had a corporate pride in the high character of it, and was animated by a sense of the obligation which is proverbially ascribed to noblemindedness. We

were all of us bachelors in those days; and when we did not dine at the table of our chief (where we *did* dine very frequently), it was our wont to dine together either at some restaurant, or else in each other's lodgings; most often in those of Julian Fane. His temperament made him lavishly hospitable. He carried into the consideration of all matters connected with cellar and kitchen the same exquisitely fastidious taste that gave to his general character such affluent æsthetic susceptibilities. No man better knew how either to order or appreciate a good dinner. And how pleasant they were, those merry little dinners at his house! How careful the cookery, how easy the conversation! the wine so choice and old, the wit so young and fresh, and both so unstinted! Dinners of this kind are only possible in the pure light air of foreign life. In England we do not understand them, nor would it profit us if we did. In our heavy atmosphere, loaded, as it is, with so much moral, as well as material, carbon, both soul and body crave a stronger stimulant; and it is only the intoxication of party passion, or personal ambition, or fierce speculation, that can exhilarate

our jaded powers of enjoyment. We even laugh in a hurry, as though the end of the world were at hand, and might catch us with the fool's-cap on. There is, in London, a feverish competition for the manufacture of jokes at so much per week; and no wonder that these poor jokes come into the world tired before they are born.

Those lounging, early after-dinner talks, in that little bachelor boudoir (of which the memory of Julian Fane so vividly recalls the image to my mind; with its pretty chintzes, and its flowers, and its piano, as well as its books and dispatch boxes, and all so fragrant with the fresh fumes of the lightest Turkish tobacco); those talks interspersed with snatches of music and song, or recitations of verse or prose; and broken up so soon in order not to miss the overture to the new Opera or the first act of the new Play;—how impossible to fancy anything of the kind under the solemn smoke of our business-burdened London!

The Vienna evening begins for all the Vienna world at the Opera or the Theatre; both of them excellent, because both of them are wisely maintained and controlled by the State, as great

schools for the education of the æsthetic sentiment in all classes of society. And at both of these great schools Julian Fane was a constant attendant. It was not till about midnight that his own evening began. Then, whoever might be so fortunate as to find him alone, in dressing gown and slippers, at his own fireside, a cigar in his mouth and a book on his knee, was sure to find him in the full perfection of his singular charm.

The nights which I have thus so often passed in tête-à-tête with Fane (long nights which yet seemed so short!) are among the pleasantest recollections of my life. But I despair of succeeding in any attempt to describe what constituted the peculiar delight of them. It was like playing on a musical instrument which is never out of tune, and every one of whose keys renders to the lightest touch the exact note sounded from any particular part of a great orchestra which the player may happen to be thinking of.

Sometimes, the last new philosophical treatise, or the last new poem, or a new novel or essay,

would start a long sparkling train of enthusiastic, but not undiscriminating, criticism. Sometimes a doubt suggested as to the accuracy of some casual Greek quotation would float the conversation far away over the illimitable sea of Hellenic literature, where his enthusiasm would keep it for hours hovering between Tragedians and Idyllists—

> "Like long-tailed birds of Paradise
> That float thro' heaven and cannot 'light."

Occasionally the disputed derivation of some German word, or the style of some popular ballad, would send him rambling into the vast Teutonic Forest far enough to stumble on Lindwurm asleep under the lime tree destined to avenge his death. Often some question of current politics would carry us all through the night. In every subject the freshness and vivacity of his interest was always delightful. He was not an original thinker; and I cannot recal any subject in which the curiosity of his mind had penetrated beyond, or the independence of it refused allegiance within, the frontier line laid down for opinion by

the most influential intellects of his time. But if he was never either in excess of the highest contemporary intellectual average in matters of opinion, and never in antagonism with it, neither was he ever below it. In practical life even the most conscientious and cultivated minds must be content to accept on authority the foundation for a great many of their opinions. They have not time to dig and delve, and lay stone upon stone in the slow preparation of an edifice which is needed for the immediate transaction of thought's daily business. All they can do is to employ the best reputed builders; and this absence of all intellectual eccentricity would have greatly favoured his career, had Julian Fane devoted his faculties to English public life. He would have passed among politicians (and justly) for one of those men who grow with the general growth of opinion, and are best fitted for the current political business of their age; because the current never either carries them beyond, or leaves them behind, the point of view already reached and accepted by the majority of well-educated and open-minded men. I should, however, ill describe the charm

of intimate intercourse with Julian Fane, if I omitted from the description of it the pathos of his music and the humour of his mimicry. It was sometimes my chance to find him silently overflowing with the hoarded fun of something in the day's occurrence, or in the character or conduct of one of our acquaintances, which had strongly touched his satiric fibre. Then, up he would jump, welcoming the occasion of my visit to relieve his sense of humour without wounding the feelings of any one; and, too impatient for the shortest explanatory prologue, would act before me to the life, the scene or the man he was thinking of, with a rare perfection in the perception and reproduction of the ludicrous. Perhaps a few moments later he would be at the piano playing and singing his own compositions with a feminine tenderness of sentiment and delicacy of expression which were indescribably enchanting.

I remember an occasion when many of Julian Fane's happiest qualities were simultaneously illustrated (his literary enthusiasm, his sly fun, and his supreme good-nature and dislike to give pain) in the course of a conversation at which I

was present with some other of his friends. He had been speaking of the powerful, almost overwhelming, but purely sensuous, impression often made upon himself by the choice selection and rhythmic arrangement of words in prose; an impression quite independent of the meaning, and wholly due to the sound, of such words. All present professed to have experienced the same sensation, and each began to quote, or mention, to the point some supposed masterpiece of prose expression. Particular passages from the prose of Milton, Cowley, Sir Thomas Browne, Ruskin, Hazlitt, De Quincey, and Landor were cited as examples. One man quoted Senancour, and another George Sand. An elderly gentleman of our party, who affected a fastidious taste in literature, and was gifted by nature with a sepulchral gravity of countenance, and the deepest bass voice that ever lodged in human lungs, had been unwarily drifted by Fane's overflowing animation away from his moorings in the safety of a stately silence; and, just as the subject of the conversation was used out, and the conversation itself at a pause, a voice which seemed to

issue from a fathomless profundity of soul, exclaimed, "Ah, my dear Julian, no one is more susceptible than I am to the influence you have so well described, and I am never more powerfully affected by it than when perusing the despatches of the late Duke of Wellington." A glance from Julian Fane suppressed the incipient laughter which was about to overwhelm the speaker, and, turning gravely to his sympathising friend, he answered with as much good nature as presence of mind, "Ah, my dear ——! how well we understand each other!"

I fear that throughout this chapter I have sadly failed to reproduce in the imagination of its readers the image of Julian Fane, such as it remains in my own memory of the time I am recording. Fortunately, however, his character as it then was, in the full flower of his early manhood, has been admirably delineated in a few words by a great critic and a great man of letters, whose appreciation of it is the best evidence of its worth and beauty. The following letter is from Mr. Elwin:

"You ask me to try and convey my impressions

of Julian, and unfortunately, it is impossible for me to describe him in words as vivid as the picture in my mind. He had a combination of delightful qualities, which intermingled or took their turn, with a native ease that redoubled the charm. He was rich in the literature of many lands, and no subject had a greater zest for him; but, unless the conversation turned to it naturally, he never said a word about books. He had an inexhaustible fund of racy unhacknied anecdote; but it was always drawn forth by the occasion, and no one could aim less to be a teller of good stories. He was an exquisite mimic, but never used the faculty for the purpose of exhibiting his skill; and he only employed it in snatches to give life and reality to a description. He had a fertile vein of humour which brightened all his conversation; but he never looked out for opportunities to make a jest, and his sallies were just a glancing touch and away again. Everything which fell from him was spontaneous and genuine, and was untainted with a trace of effort or ostentation. In the midst of his play of knowledge and intellect, there was one preëminent charac-

teristic. He had not the smallest particle of envy, malice, or rivalry; and though he spoke his opinions without reserve, there always appeared in his very censure an absolute freedom from ill-nature. I never saw an indication that he had a single drop of gall in his composition.

"The circumstances of his life had obliged him to direct his thoughts to public affairs, and he had reflected upon them largely. Yet his true passion was for literature, which he had studied with fervour; and he was equally familiar with the old and the new. He was not better versed in Shakespeare and Milton, than in Tennyson, Browning, and Carlyle. His relish for these last three moderns was intense. He entered into the inner spirit of their works, and was very felicitous in developing the characteristics of their genius. His disposition came out strongly in his literary judgments. His whole bent was to admiration; and while he had a distinct perception of defects, his mind always fastened upon beauties, and revelled in them.

"His manners, like everything else about him, reflected his disposition. They were winning

beyond measure from their ease, kindness, and cheerfulness. They seemed in themselves to be a language, and it was the language of benevolence, and good will. Every cottager and village child understood it in a moment; and as he talked with them, they invariably felt, 'He is a friend.'

"He would have stamped his mind on his writings, if his profession had not absorbed the pick of his day. He could not satisfy his fastidiousness unless he devoted his whole strength to any literary undertaking; and he was seldom tolerant of the compositions he struck off hastily in the leavings of his time. His extreme delight, too, in the labours of others, interfered with his own. When the hour of leisure arrived he could not resist the fascination of his favourite authors. Hence there can be no sufficient memorial of him now; and even those who knew him best must be content to describe the fruit of which they alone have tasted the flavour."

CHAPTER VII.

"Tannhäuser," and other Poems, written at Vienna.—Study of Shakespeare's Sonnets.—Writings after that model.—Poems to his Mother.

ABOUT the time I have been speaking of, Richard Wagner, the poet and composer of what has been ironically termed "The 'Zukunfts Musik,'" or "Music of the future," frequently visited Vienna; and I think it was at my own house that Julian Fane first made his acquaintance. With Wagner's music Fane was already familiar. Art is a *bon enfant;* and in music, as in poetry (more perhaps in music than in poetry) there is abundant supply for the satisfaction of the most various tastes. The ear that is callous to Beethoven may be agreeably titillated by Verdi; and *vice versâ.* In neither case is there any cause for pride or shame. The little boy who, when asked whom he loved best, Papa or Mama, frankly replied that he preferred Mutton-

chops, is infinitely more to be respected than the juvenile humbug whose ready-made pretty answer to such a question is safe from censure. If critics would be content to criticize only what they thoroughly understand and are capable of admiring in art, instead of criticizing chiefly what they ostentatiously profess themselves unable to understand, and quite incapable of admiring, the literature of criticism would be more helpful and more valuable than it is. Critics are intellectual nutcrackers which the economy of labour has placed at the service of the public. It is not their business to reject all the hard nuts. If the nuts were softer we could extract their kernels without the aid of any such instruments. Whoever can stimulate and expand the general capacity for æsthetic enjoyment is a benefactor. But the natural physiology of the human mind is sufficiently contractile to the touch of unaccustomed sensations, and needs no critical encouragement in the indulgence of its instinctive indolence. Unfortunately, however, those to whom the public looks for illumination in all matters of art, appear to be persuaded that you cannot keep

one candle alight without trying to snuff out all the others. There is a story told of two post-boys, who, in the exercise of their calling, encountered each other on the public highway. Each was conducting a post-chaise; and in each post-chaise there happened to be a Jew. The post-boys quarrelled as they passed alongside of each other: and one of them, meaning to lash his comrade, missed his aim, and whipped the Jew in the post-chaise which his comrade was driving. "Ah," cried the other indignant, "since *you* whip *my* Jew, *I'll* whip *your* Jew." So the two post-boys laid about them; whipped their respective Jews half dead; and the post-boy whose Jew at the end of this vicarious infliction was left the least dead of the two, considered that he had gained a great victory over the proprietor of the other Jew. Art fares hardly better, in the person of its suffering representatives, at the hands of the rival critics who encounter each other whilst conducting each his own *protégé* along the high road to immortality. Fortunately for the happiness of himself, and the comfort of those about him, Julian Fane had a large catholicity of taste

in art. His appreciation of Rossini and Mozart did not render him incapable of appreciating the more theatrical genius of Meyerbeer; and his appreciation of Meyerbeer's brilliancy of dramatic effect did not diminish his admiration of Wagner's greater intensity of dramatic conception.

The little poem of Tannhäuser which, whilst at Vienna, he published under a feigned name, and which was written in conjunction with myself, grew naturally out of his enthusiasm for the genius he recognized, and his grateful sense of the emotional satisfaction he enjoyed, in Wagner's great opera of Tannhäuser; which prompted the composition, and furnished the story, of it.

This poem was neither written nor published as a serious production; but rather as an intellectual (or, if you will, mechanical), *tour de force;* in which the style and spirit of the Tennysonian Idyl had been purposely imitated as the readiest and most popular vehicle for the utterance of impressions rendered vivid by an intense enjoyment of the music which it was the object of the poem to translate into words.

The book was published under a pseudonym,

and every care was taken in the composition of it to avoid whatever appeared likely to betray its real origin and authorship. But the pseudonym of Neville Temple, adopted by Julian Fane, was composed from his family motto, "Ne vile fano;" and some of his friends (of whom, I think, Lord Russell was the first), remembering the motto, ingeniously guessed the secret. For my own part, I must say that the failure of the precautions taken to keep secret the authorship of this little book was very disappointing, when I found myself identified with the serious pretensions attributed to a poem which was regarded by the authors of it simply as a literary sport in mask and domino; and not as any adequate representation of the character in which either of them would greatly care to appear before the public on behalf of any serious literary effort. It is obvious that, in the composition by two writers of a single homogeneous narrative poem, if either of the two were to give free scope to his own idiosyncrasy the result would be incongruous and discordant. It was, therefore, necessary to adopt for common use, some style more or less in common vogue,

appropriate to pathetic narrative, and sufficiently popular to form, as it were, a neutral ensign under which to sail without hoisting their own colours. The *Terza rima* was too unfamiliar, and not sufficiently adapted to the conditions of joint composition. There remained the Spenserian stanza, the Chaucerian couplet, and the blank verse brought by Mr. Tennyson to the highest perfection as an instrument for narrative. The choice between these various styles was determined by Fane's enthusiastically appreciative familiarity with every characteristic of the structures respectively given to blank verse by those two great masters of it, Milton and Tennyson. The experiment was suggested and commenced by Julian Fane; who started it with a certain number of lines, and passed these on to his fellow workman, for the addition of so many more, to be completed before their next meeting. The charm of the undertaking was in the occasions it afforded for these pleasant meetings. And thus, *à tour de rôle*, by alternate contributions to a structure built on neutral ground, this little poem was rapidly completed in the course of a

few evenings. I subjoin those parts of it which were written by Julian Fane.

DESCRIPTION OF WARTBURG AND THE VENUSBERG.

THIS is the Land, the happy valleys these,
Broad breadths of plain, blue-vein'd by many a stream,
Umbrageous hills, sweet glades, and forests fair,
O'er which our good liege, Landgrave Herman, rules.
This is Thuringia: yonder, on the heights,
Is Wartburg, seat of our dear lord's abode,
Famous through Christendom for many a feat
Of deftest knights, chief stars of chivalry,
At tourney in its courts; nor more renown'd
For deeds of Prowess than exploits of Art,
Achieved when, vocal in its Muses' hall,
The minstrel-knights their glorious jousts renew,
And for the laurel wage harmonious war.
On this side spreads the Chase in wooded slopes
And sweet acclivities; and, all beyond,
The open flats lie fruitful to the sun
Full many a league; till, dark against the sky,
Bounding the limits of our lord's domain,
The Hill of Hörsel rears his horrid front.
Woe to the man who wanders in the vast
Of those unhallow'd solitudes, if Sin,
Quickening the lust of carnal appetite,
Lurk secret in his heart: for all their caves
Echo weird strains of magic, direful sweet,
That lap the wanton sense in blissful ease;
While through the ear a reptile music creeps,
And, blandly busy, round about the soul
Weaves its fell web of sounds. The unhappy wight,

Thus captive made in soft and silken bands
Of tangled harmony, is led away—
Away adown the ever-darkening caves,
Away from fairness and the face of God,
Away within the mountain's mystic womb,
To where, reclining on her impious couch
All the fair length of her lascivious limbs,
Languid in light from roseate tapers flung,
Incensed with perfumes, tended on by fays,
The lustful Queen, waiting damnation, holds
Her bestial revels. The Queen of Beauty once,
A goddess call'd and worshipp'd in the days
When men their own infirmities adored,
Deeming divine who in themselves summ'd up
The full-blown passions of humanity.
Large fame and lavish service had she then,
Venus yclept, of all the Olympian crew
Least continent of Spirits and most fair.
So reap'd she honour of unwistful men,
Roman, or Greek, or dwellers on the plains
Of Egypt, or the isles to utmost Ind;
Till came the crack of that tremendous Doom
That sent the false gods shivering from their seats,
Shatter'd the superstitious dome that blear'd
Heaven's face to man, and on the lurid world
Let in effulgence of untainted light.
As when, laid bare beneath the delver's toil
On some huge bulk of buried masonry
In hoar Assyria, suddenly reveal'd
A chamber, gay with sculpture and the pomp
Of pictur'd tracery on its glowing walls,
No sooner breathes the wholesome heavenly air
Than fast its colour'd bravery fades, and fall
Its ruin'd statues, crumbled from their crypts,
And all its gauds grow dark at sight of day;

So darken'd and to dusty ruin fell
The fleeting glories of a Pagan faith,
Bared to Truth's influences bland, and smit
Blind by the splendours of the Bethlehem Dawn.
Then from their shatter'd temple in the minds
Of men, and from their long familiar homes,
Their altars, fanes, and shrines, the sumptuous seats
Of their mendacious oracles, out-slunk
The wantons of Olympus. Forth they fled,
Forth from Dodona, Delos, and the depths
Of wooded Ida ; from Athenæ forth,
Cithæron, Paphos, Thebes, and all their groves
Of oak or poplar, dismally to roam
About the new-baptizèd earth ; exiled,
Bearing the curse, yet suffer'd for a space,
By Heaven's clear sapience and inscrutable ken,
To range the wide world, and assay their powers
To unregenerate redeem'd mankind :
If haply they by shadows and by shows,
Phantasmagoria, and illusions wrought
Of sight or sound by sorcery, may draw
Unwary men, or weak, into the nets
Of Satan their great Captain. She renown'd
'The fairest,' fleeing from her Cyprian isle,
Swept to the northward many a league, and lodged
At length on Hörsel, into whose dark womb
She crept confounded. Thither soon she drew
Lewd Spirits to herself, and there abides,
Holding her devilish orgies ; and has power
With siren voices crafty to compel
Into her wanton home unhappy men
Whose souls to sin are prone. The pure at heart
Natheless may roam about her pestilent hill
Untainted, proof against perfidious sounds
Within whose ears an angel ever sings

Good tidings of great joy. Nor even they,
Whose hearts are gross, and who inflamed with lust
Enter, entrapp'd by sorceries, to her cave,
Are damn'd beyond redemption. For a while,
Slaves of their bodies, in the sloughs of Sin
They roll contented, wallowing in the arms
Of their libidinous goddess. But, ere long,
Comes loathing of the sensual air they breathe,
Loathing of light unhallow'd, sickening sense
Of surfeited enjoyment; and their lips,
Spurning the reeky pasture, yearn for draughts
Of rock-rebounding rills, their eyes for sight
Of Heaven, their limbs for length of dewy grass:
What time sharp Conscience pricks them, and awake
Starts the requicken'd soul with all her powers,
And breaks, if so she will, the murderous spell,
Calling on God. God to her rescue sends
Voiced seraphim that lead the sinner forth
From darkness unto day, from foul embrace
Of that bloat Queen into the mother-lap
Of Earth, and the caressent airs of heaven;
Where he, by strong persistency of prayer,
By painful pilgrimage, by lengths of fast
That tame the rebel flesh, by many a night
Of vigil, days of deep repentant tears,
May cleanse his soul of her adulterate stains,
May from his sin-encrusted spirit shake
The leprous scales,—and, purely at the feet
Of his Redemption falling, may arise
Of Christ accepted. Whoso doubts the truth,
Doubting how deep divine Compassion is,
Lend to my tale a willing ear, and learn.

Full twenty summers have fled o'er the land,
A score of winters on our Landgrave's head

Have shower'd their snowy honours, since the days
When in his court no nobler knight was known,
And in his halls no happier bard was heard,
Than bright Tannhäuser.

The poem then, after describing the character of Tannhäuser, and the love felt for him by the Princess Elizabeth, narrates his adventure with Dame Venus; the discovery and recognition of him by Wolfram in the Wartburg Valley; the love of Wolfram for Elizabeth; Tannhäuser's acceptance of the Landgrave's invitation to the combat of song; the opening of this festival, and the entrance of the minstrel knights. The Landgrave rises to address them:

'O well-beloved minstrels, in my mind
I do embrace you all, and heartily
Bid you a lavish welcome to these halls.
Oft have you flooded this fair space with song,
Waked these voiced walls, and vocal made yon roof,
As waves of surging music lapp'd against
Its resonant rafters. Often have your strains
Ennobled souls of true nobility,
Rapt by your perfect pleadings in the cause
Of all things pure unto a purer sense
Of their exceeding loveliness. No power
Is subtler o'er the spirit of man than Song—
Sweet echo of great thoughts, that, in the mind
Of him who hears congenial echoes waking,

Re-multiplies the praise of what is good.
Song cheers the emulous spirit to the top
Of Virtue's rugged steep, from whence, all heights
Of human worth attain'd, the mortal may
Conjecture of God's unattainable,
Which is Perfection.—Faith, with her sisters twain
Of Hope and Charity, ye oft have sung,
And loyal Truth have lauded, and have wreathed
A coronal of music round the brows
Of stainless Chastity ; nor less have praised
High-minded Valour, in whose righteous hand
Burns the great sword of flaming Fortitude,
And have stirr'd up to deeds of high emprize
Our noble knights (yourselves among the noblest)
Whether on German soil for me, their prince,
Fighting, or in the Land of Christ for God.
Sing ye to-day another theme ; to-day
Within our glad society we see,
To fellowship of loving friends restored,
A long-miss'd face ; and hungerly our ears
Wait the melodious murmurs of a harp
That wont to feed them daintily. What drew
Our singer forth, and led the fairest light
Of all our galaxy to swerve astray
From his fix'd orbit, and what now re-spheres,
After deflection long, our errant orb,
Implies a secret that the subtle power
Of Song, perchance, may solve. Be then your theme
As universal as the heart of man,
Giving you scope to touch its deepest depths,
Its highest heights, and reverently to explore
Its mystery of mysteries. Sing of Love :
Tell us, ye noble poets, from what source
Springs the prime passion ; to what goal it tends ;
Sing it how brave, how beautiful, how bright,

In essence how ethereal, in effect
How palpable, how human yet divine.
Up! up! loved singers, smite into the chords,
The lists are open'd, set your lays in rest,
And who of Love best chants the perfect praise,
Him shall Elizabeth as conqueror hail,
And round his royal temples bind the bays.'

He said, and sat. And from the middle-hall
Four pages, bearers of the blazon'd urn
That held the name-scrolls of the listed bards,
Moved to Elizabeth. Daintily her hand
Dipp'd in the bowl, and one drawn scroll deliver'd
Back to the pages, who, perusing, cried:
'Sir Wolfram of the Willow-brook,—begin.'

Up-rose the gentle singer—he whose lays,
Melodious-melancholy, through the Land
Live to this day—and, fair obeisance made,
Assumed his harp and stood in act to sing.
Awhile, his dreamy fingers o'er the chords
Wander'd at will, and to the roof was turn'd
His meditative face; till, suddenly,
A soft light from his spiritual eyes
Broke, and his canticle he thus began:

'Love among the saints of God,
Love within the hearts of men,
Love in every kindly sod
That breeds a violet in the glen;
Love in heaven, and Love on earth,
Love in all the amorous air;
Whence comes Love? ah! tell me where
Had such a gracious Presence birth?
Lift thy thoughts to Him, all-knowing,

In the hallow'd courts above ;
From His throne, for ever flowing,
Springs the fountain of all Love :
Down to earth the stream descending
Meets the hills, and murmurs then,
In a myriad channels wending,
Through the happy haunts of men.
Blessèd ye, earth's sons and daughters,
Love among you flowing free ;
Guard, oh ! guard its sacred waters,
Tend on them religiously :
Let them through your hearts steal sweetly,
With the Spirit, wise and bland,
Minister unto them meetly,
Touch them not with carnal hand.

'Maiden, fashion'd so divinely,
Whom I worship from afar,
Smile thou on my soul benignly,
Sweet, my solitary star :
Gentle harbinger of gladness,
Still be with me on the way ;
Only soother of my sadness,
Always near, though far away :
Always near, since first upon me
Fell thy brightness from above,
And my troubled heart within me
Felt the sudden flow of Love ;
At thy sight that gushing river
Paused, and fell to perfect rest,
And the pool of Love for ever
Took thy image to its breast.

'Let me keep my passion purely,
Guard its waters free from blame,

Hallow Love, as knowing surely
It returneth whence it came ;
From all channels, good or evil,
Love, to its pure source enticed,
Finds its own immortal level
In the charity of Christ.

'Ye who hear, behold the river,
Whence it cometh, whither goes ;
Glory be to God, the Giver,
From whose grace the fountain flows ;
Flows and spreads through all creation,
Counter-charm of every curse,
Love, the waters of Salvation,
Flowing through the universe !'

And still the rapt bard, though his voice had ceased,
And all the Hall had murmur'd into praise,
Pursued his plaintive theme among the chords,
Blending with instinct fine the intricate throng
Of thoughts that flow'd beneath his touch to find
Harmonious resolution. As he closed,
Tannhäuser rising, fretted with delay,
Sent flying fingers o'er the strings, and sang :

'Love be my theme ! Sing her awake,
My harp, for she hath tamely slept
In Wolfram's song, a stagnant lake
O'er which a shivering star hath crept.

'Awake, dull waters, from your sleep,
Rise, Love, from thy delicious well,
A fountain !—yea, but flowing deep
With nectar and with hydromel ;

'With gurgling murmurs sweet, that teach
My soul a sleep-distracting dream,
Till on the marge I lie, and reach
My longing lips towards the stream;

'Whose waves leap upwards to the brink,
With drowning kisses to invite
And drag me, willing, down to drink
Delirious draughts of rare Delight;

'Who careless drink, as knowing well
The happy pastime shall not tire,
For Love is inexhaustible,
And all-unfailing my Desire.

'Love's fountain-marge is fairly spread
With every incense-flower that blows,
With flossy sedge, and moss that grows
For fervid limbs a dewy bed;

'And fays and fairies flit and wend
To keep the sweet stream flowing free,
And on Love's languid votary
The little elves delighted tend;

'And bring him honey-dews to sip,
Rare balms to cool him after play,
Or with sweet unguents smooth away
The kiss-crease on his ruffled lip;

'And lilywhite his limbs they lave,
And roses in his cheeks renew,
That he, refresh'd, return to glue
His lips to Love's caressent wave;

'And feel, in that immortal kiss,
His mortal instincts die the death,
And human fancy fade beneath
The taste of unimagined bliss!

'Thus, gentle audience, since your ear
Best loves a metaphoric lay,
Of mighty Love I warble here
In figures, such as Fancy may:

'Now know ye how of Love I think
As of a fountain, failing never,
On whose soft marge I lie, and drink
Delicious draughts of Joy for ever.'

Abrupt he ceased, and sat. And for a space,
No longer than the subtle lightning rests
Upon a sultry cloud at eventide,
The Princess smiled, and on her parted lips
Hung inarticulate applause; but she
Sudden was ware that all the hall was mute
With blank disapprobation; and her smile
Died, and vague fear was quicken'd in her heart
As Walter of the Heron-chase began:

'O fountain ever fair and bright,
He hath beheld thee, source of Love,
Who sung thee springing from above,
Celestial from the founts of Light;

'But he who from thy waters rare
Hath thought to drain a gross delight,
Blind in his spiritual sight,
Hath ne'er beheld thee, fountain fair!

'Hath never seen the silver glow
Of thy glad waves, crystalline clear,
Hath never heard within his ear
The music of thy murmurous flow.

'The essence of all Good thou art,
Thy waters are immortal Ruth,
Thy murmurs are the voice of Truth,
And music in the human heart:

'Thou yieldest Faith that soars on high,
And Sympathy that dwells on earth;
The tender trust in human worth,
The hope that lives beyond the sky.

'O waters of the living Word,
O fair vouchsafed us from above,
O fountain of immortal Love
What song of thee erewhile I heard!

'Learn, sacrilegious bard, from me
How all ignoble was thy strain,
That sought with trivial song to stain
The fountain of Love's purity;

'That fountain thou hast never found,
And shouldst thou come with lips of fire
To slake the thirst of brute Desire,
'Twould shrink and shrivel to the ground:

'Who seeks in Love's pure stream to lave
His gross heart finds damnation near;
Who laves in Love his spirit clear
Shall win Salvation from the wave.'

And now again, as when the plaintive lay
Of Wolfram warbled to harmonious close,
The crowd grew glad with plaudits ; and again
Tannhäuser, ruffled, rose his height, and smote
Rude in the chords his prelude of reply :

'What Love is this that melts with Ruth,
Whose murmurs are the voice of Truth ?
Ye dazèd singers, cease to dream,
And learn of me your human theme :
Of that great Passion at whose feet
The vassal-world lies low,
Of Love the mighty, Love the sweet,
I sing, who reigns below ;
Who makes men fierce, tame, wild, or kind,
Sovran of every mood,
Who rules the heart, and rules the mind,
And courses through the blood :
Slave, of that lavish Power I sing,
Dispenser of all good,
Whose pleasure-fountain is the spring
Of sole beatitude.

'Sing ye of Love ye ne'er possess'd
In wretched tropes—a vain employment !
I sing the passion in my breast,
And know Love only in Enjoyment.'

To whom, while all the rustling hall was moved
With stormy indignation, stern up-rose,
Sharp in retort, Sir Wilfrid of the hills :

'Up, minstrels ! rally to the cry
Of outraged Love and Loyalty ;

Drive on this slanderer, all the throng,
And slay him in a storm of song.
Oh lecher! shall I sing to thee
Of Love's untainted purity,
Of simple Faith, and tender Ruth,
Of Chastity and loyal Truth?
As well sing Day's resplendent birth
To the blind mole that delves the earth
As seek from gross hearts, slough'd in sin,
Approval of pure Love to win!
Rather from thee I'll wring applause
For Love, the Avenger of his cause;
Great Love, the chivalrous and strong,
To whose wide grasp all arms belong,
The lance, the battle-axe, and thong,—
And eke the mastery in song.

'Love in my heart in all the pride
Of knighthood sits, and at his side,
To do the bidding of his lord,
Martial Valour holds the sword;
He strikes for Honour, in the name
Of Virtue and fair woman's fame,
And bids me shed my dearest blood
To venge aspersèd maidenhood:
Who soils her with licentious lie,
Him will I hew both hip and thigh,
Or in her cause will dearly die.
But thou, who in thy flashy song
Hast sought to do *all* Honour wrong,
Pass on,—I will not stoop my crest
To smite thee, nor lay lance in rest.
Thy brawling words, of riot born,
Are worthy only of my scorn;
Thus at thy ears this song I fling,

Which in thy heart may plant its sting,
If ruin'd Conscience yet may wring
Remorse from such a guilty thing.'

Scarce from his lips had parted the last word
When, through the rapturous praise that rang around,
Fierce from his seat up-rising, red with rage,
With scornful lip, and contumelious eye,
Tannhäuser clang'd among the chords, and sang :

'Floutest thou me, thou grisly Bard ?
Beware, lest I the just reward
On thy puff'd insolence bestow,
And cleave thee with my falchion's blow,—
When I in song have laid thee low.
I serve a Mistress mightier far
Than tinkling rill, or twinkling star,
And, as in my great Passion's glow
Thy passion-dream will melt like snow,
So I, Love's champion, at her call,
Will make thee shrink in field or hall,
And roll before me like a ball.

'Thou pauper-minded pedant dim,
Thou starveling-soul, lean heart and grim,
Wouldst thou of Love the praises hymn ?
Then let the gaunt hyena howl
In praise of Pity ; let the owl
Whoop the high glories of the noon,
And the hoarse chough becroak the moon !
What canst thou prate of Love ? I trow
She never graced thy open brow,
Nor flush'd thy cheek, nor blossom'd fair
Upon thy parted lips ; nor e'er
Bade unpent passion wildly start

Through the forced portals of thy heart
To stream in triumph from thine eye,
Or else delicious death to die
On other lips, in sigh on sigh.

'Of Love, dispenser of all bliss,
Of Love, that crowns me with a kiss,
I here proclaim me champion-knight;
And in her cause will dearly fight
With sword or song, in hall or plain,
And make the welkin ring again
With my fierce blows, or fervent strain.
But for such Love, as thou canst feel,
Thou wisely hast abjured the steel,
Averse to lay thy hand on hilt,
Or in her honour ride a tilt:
Tame Love, full tamely may'st thou jilt,
And keep bone whole, and blood unspilt.'

Outflash'd Sir Wilfrid's weapon, and outleapt
From every angry eye a thousand darts
Of unsheath'd indignation, and a shout
Went up among the rafters, and the Hall
Sway'd to and fro with tumult; till the voice
Of our liege lord roared 'Peace!' and, 'midst the clang
Of those who parted the incensèd bards,
Sounded the harp of Wolfram. Calm he stood,
He only calm of all the brawling crowd,
Which yet, as is its wont, contagion caught
From neighbouring nobleness, and a stillness fell
On all, and in the stillness soft he sang:

'Oh! from your sacred seats look down,
Angels and ministers of good;
With sanctity our spirits crown,
And crush the vices of the blood!

'Open our hearts and set them free,
That heavenly light may enter in;
And from this fair society
Obliterate the taint of sin.

'Thee, holy Love, I bid arise
Propitious to my votive lay;
Shine thou upon our darken'd eyes,
And lead us on the perfect way;

'As, in the likeness of a Star,
Thou once arosest, guidance meet,
And led'st the sages from afar
To sit at holy Jesu's feet:

'So guidè us, safe from Satan's snares,
Shine out, sweet Star, around, above,
Till we have scaled the mighty stairs,
And reach'd thy mansions, Heavenly Love!'

Then, while great shouts went up of 'Give the prize
To Wolfram,' leapt Tannhäuser from his seat,
Fierce passion flaming from his lustrous orbs.
And, as a sinner, desperate to add
Depth to damnation by one latest crime,
Dies boastful of his blasphemies—even so,
Tannhäuser, conscious of the last disgrace
Incurr'd by such song in such company,
Intent to vaunt the vastness of his sin,
Thus, as in ecstacy, the song renew'd:

'Goddess of Beauty, thee I hymn,
And ever worship at thy shrine;
Thou, who on mortal senses dim
Descending, makest man divine.

'Who hath embraced thee on thy throne,
And pastured on thy royal kiss,
He, happy, knows, and knows alone,
Love's full beatitude of bliss.

'Grim bards, of Love who nothing know,
Now cease the unequal strife between us;
Dare as I dared; to Hörsel go,
And taste Love on the lips of Venus.'

Here the dames and demozels, much scandalized, hurry out of the hall—except the Princess; who remains, overwhelmed. The indignation of the Knights and Barons becomes tumultuous. The Landgrave refers the case to their judgment. They pronounce sentence of death. Elizabeth expostulates, and intercedes for the life of Tannhäuser. She is supported by Wolfram. Tannhäuser is banished, under stringent prohibition to reappear in the respectable and orthodox society whose decorum he has so grievously outraged, until after having obtained (if that be possible) absolution from the Holy Father for his profligate commerce with Dame Venus. At that moment a company of Pilgrims on their way to Rome pass under the castle walls. Their chaunt is heard by Tannhäuser, and, suddenly contrite and hopeful,

with a grateful glance at the Princess, he rushes out and joins the penitents in their pilgrimage to the Holy City. Here the narrative is resumed by Julian Fane, with a description of the sensations of Elizabeth by a simile which would not perhaps have been disdained by Milton, if the theory of rotatory storms had been known in the days of the Commonwealth.

As when the buffeting gusts, that adverse blow
Over the Caribbean Sea, conspire
Conflicting breaths, and, savagely begot,
The fierce tornado rotatory wheels,
Or sweeps centripetal, or, all forces join'd,
Whirls circling o'er the madden'd waves, and they
Lift up their foaming backs beneath the keel
Of some frail vessel, and, careering high
Over a sunken rock, with a sudden plunge
Confound her,—stunn'd and strain'd, upon the peak
Poising one moment, ere she forward fall
To float, dishelm'd, a wreck upon the waves:
So rose, engender'd by what furious blasts
Of passion, that fell hurricane that swept
Elizabeth to her doom, and left her now
A helmless hull upon the savage seas
Of life, without an aim, to float forlorn.

Longwhile, still shuddering from the shock that jarr'd
The bases of her being, piteous wreck
Of ruin'd hopes, upon her couch she lay,
Of life and time oblivious; all her mind

Lock'd in a rigid agony of grief,
Clasping, convulsed, its unwept woe ; her heart
Whelm'd in mute misery ; and her burthen'd brain
Blind with the weight of tears that would not flow.
But when, at last, the healing hand of Time
Had wrought repair upon her shatter'd frame ;
And those unskill'd physicians of the mind—
Importunate, fond friends, a host of kin—
Drew her perforce from solitude, she pass'd
Back to the world, and walk'd its weary ways
With dull mechanic motions, such as make
A mockery of life. Yet gave she never,
By weeping or by wailing, outward sign
Of that great inward agony that she bore ;
For she was not of those whose sternest sorrow
Outpours in plaints, or weeps itself in dew ;
Not passionate she, nor of the happy souls
Whose grief comes temper'd with the gift of tears.

So, through long weeks and many a weary moon,
Silent and self-involved, without a sigh,
She suffer'd. There, whence consolation comes,
She sought it—at the foot of Jesu's cross,
And on the bosom of the Virgin-spouse,
And in communion with the blessèd Saints.
But chief for him she pray'd whose grievous sin
Had wrought her desolation ; God besought
To touch the leprous soul and make it clean ;
And sued the Heavenly Pastor to recall
The lost sheep, wander'd from the pleasant ways,
Back to the pasture of the paths of peace.
So thrice a day, what time the blushing morn
Crimson'd the orient sky, and when the sun
Glared from mid-heaven, or swelter'd in the west,
Fervent she pray'd ; nor in the night forewent

Her vigils ; till at last from prayer she drew
A calm into her soul, and in that calm
Heard a low whisper—like the breeze that breaks
The deep peace of the forest ere the chirp
Of earliest bird salutes the advent Day—
Thrill through her, herald of the dawn of Hope.

Then most she loved from forth her leafy tower
Listless to watch the irrevocable clouds
Roll on, and daylight waste itself away
Along those dreaming woods, whence evermore
She mused, 'He will return ;' and fondly wove
Her webs of wistful fantasy till the moon
Was high in heaven, and in its light she kneel'd
A faded watcher through the weary night,
A meek, sweet statue at the silver shrines,
In deep, perpetual prayer for him she loved.

And from the pitying Sisterhood of Saints
Haply that prayer shall win an angel down
To be his unseen minister, and draw
A drowning conscience from the deeps of Hell.

Time put his sickle in among the days.
Blithe Summer came, and into dimples danced
The fair and fructifying Earth, anon
Showering the gather'd guerdon of her play
Into the lap of Autumn ; Autumn stored
The gift, piled ready to the palsied hand
Of blind and begging Winter ; and when he
Closed his well-provender'd days, Spring lightly came
And scatter'd sweets upon his sullen grave.
And twice the seasons pass'd, the sisters three
Doing glad service for their hoary brother,
And twice twelve moons had wax'd and waned, and twice

The weary world had pilgrim'd round the sun,
When from the outskirts of the land there came
Rumour of footsore penitents from Rome
Returning, jubilant of remitted sin.

So chanced it, on a silent April eve
The westering sun along the Wartburg vale
Shot level beams, and into glory touch'd
The image of Madonna—where it stands
Hard by the common way that climbs the steep—
The image of Madonna, and the face
Of meek Elizabeth turn'd towards the Queen
Of Sorrows, sorrowful in patient prayer;
When, through the silence and the sleepy leaves,
A breeze blew up the vale, and on the breeze
Floated a plaintive music. She that heard,
Trembled; the prayer upon her parted lips
Suspended hung, and one swift hand she press'd
Against the palpitating heart whose throbs
Confused the cunning of her ears. Ah God!
Was this the voice of her returning joy?
The psalm of shriven pilgrims to their homes
Returning? Ay! it swells upon the breeze,
The '*Nunc Dimittis*' of glad souls that sue
After salvation seen to part in peace.
Then up she sprung, and to a neighbouring copse
Swift as a startled hind, when the ghostly moon
Draws sudden o'er the silver'd heather-bells
The monstrous shadow of a cloud, she sped;
Pausing, low-crouch'd, within a maze of shrubs,
Whose emerald slivers fringed the rugged way
So broad, the pilgrim's garments as they passed
Would brush the leaves that hid her. And anon
They came in double rank, and two by two,
With cumber'd steps, with wavering gait that told

Of bodily toil and trouble, with besoil'd
And tatter'd garments ; natheless with glad eyes,
Whence look'd the soul disburthen'd of her sin,
Climbing the rude path, two by two they came.
And she, that watch'd with what intensest gaze
Them coming, saw old faces that she knew,
And every face turn'd skywards, while the lips
Pour'd out the heavenly psalm, and every soul
Sitting seraphic in the upturn'd eyes
With holy fervour rapt upon the song.
And still they came and pass'd, and still she gazed ;
And still she thought, 'Now comes he !' and the chant
Went heavenwards, and the filèd pilgrims fared
Beside her, till their tale well-nigh was told.
Then o'er her soul a shuddering horror crept,
And, in that agony of mind that makes
Doubt more intolerable than despair,
With sudden hand she brush'd aside the sprays,
And from the thicket lean'd and look'd. The last
Of all the pilgrims stood within the ken
Of her keen gaze—save him all scann'd, and he
No sooner scann'd than cancell'd from her eyes
By vivid lids swept down to lash away
Him hateful, being other than she sought.
So for a space, blind with dismay, she paused,
But, he approaching, from the thicket leapt,
Clutch'd with wrung hands his robe, and gasp'd, 'The knight
That with you went, returns not ?' In his psalm
The fervid pilgrim made no pause, yet gazed
At his wild questioner, intelligent
Of her demand, and shook his head and pass'd.
Then she, with that mute answer stabb'd to the heart,
Sprung forward, clutch'd him yet once more, and cried,
'In Mary's name, and in the name of God,
Received the knight his shrift ?' And, once again,

The pilgrim, sorrowful, shook his head and sigh'd,
Sigh'd in the singing of his psalm, and pass'd.

Then prone she fell upon her face, and prone
Within her mind Hope's shatter'd fabric fell—
The dear and delicate fabric of frail Hope
Wrought by the simple cunning of her thoughts,
That, labouring long, through many a dreamy day
And many a vigil of the wakeful night,
Piecemeal had rear'd it, patiently, with pain,
From out the ruins of her ancient peace.
O, ancient Peace! that never shall return;
O, ruin'd Hope! O, Fancy! over-fond,
Futile artificer that build'st on air,
Marr'd is thy handiwork, and thou shalt please
With plastic fantasies her soul no more.

So lay she cold against the callous ground,
Her pale face pillow'd on a stone, her eyes
Wide open, fix'd into a ghastly stare
That knew no speculation; for her mind
Was dark, and all her faculty of thought
Compassionately cancell'd. But she lay
Not in the embrace of loyal Death, who keeps
His bride for ever, but in treacherous arms
Of Sleep that, sated, will restore to Grief
Her, snatch'd a sweet space from his cruel clutch.
So lay she cold against the callous ground,
And none was near to heed her, as the sun,
About him drawing the vast-skirted clouds,
Went down behind the western hill to die.

Now Wolfram, when the rumour reach'd his ears
That, from their quest of saving grace return'd,
The pilgrims all within the castle court

Were gather'd, flock'd about by happy friends,
Pass'd from his portal swiftly, and ran out
And join'd the clustering crowd. Full many a face,
Wasted and wan, he recogniz'd, and clasp'd
Full many a lean hand clutching at his own,
Of those who, stretch'd upon the grass, or propp'd
Against the boulder-stones, were press'd about
By weeping women, clamorous to unbind
Their sandal-thongs and bathe the bruisèd feet.
Then up and down, and swiftly through and through,
And round about, skirting the crowd, he hurried,
With greetings fair to all; till, fill'd with fear,
Half-hopeless of his quest, yet harbouring hope,
He paused perplex'd beside the castle gates.
There, at his side, the youngest of the train,
A blue-eyed pilgrim tarried, and to him
Turn'd Wolfram questioning of Tannhäuser's fate;
And learnt in few words how, his sin pronounced
Deadly and irremediable, the knight
Had faded from before the awful face
Of Christ's incensèd Vicar; and none knew
Whither he wander'd, to what desolate lands,
Hiding his anguish from the eyes of men.
Then Wolfram groan'd, and clasp'd his hands, and cried
'Merciful God!' and fell upon his knees
In purpose as of prayer—but, suddenly,
About the gate the crowd moved, and a cry
Went up for space, when, rising, he beheld
Four maids who on a pallet bore the form
Of wan Elizabeth. The whisper grew
That she had met the pilgrims, and had learn'd
Tannhäuser's fate, and fall'n beside the way.
And Wolfram, in the ghastly torchlight, saw
The white face of the Princess turn'd to his,
And for a space their eyes met; then she raised

One hand towards Heaven, and smiled as who should say,
'O friend, I journey unto God; farewell!'
But he could *answer nothing*; for his eyes
Were blinded by his tears, and through his tears
Dimly, as in a dream, he saw her borne
Up the broad granite steps that wind within
The palace; and his inner eye, entranced,
Saw in a vision four great Angels stand,
Expectant of her spirit, at the foot
Of flights of blinding brilliancy of stairs
Innumerable, that through the riven skies
Scaled to the City of the Saints of God.
Then, when thick night fell on his soul, and all
The vision fled, he solitary stood
A crazèd man within the castle-court;
Whence issuing, with wild eyes and wandering gait,
He through the darkness, groaning, pass'd away.

The handiwork of Julian Fane does not go beyond the end of this passage: and the rest of the poem need hardly be described, as it simply follows the well-known legend which narrates how the good knight Tannhäuser is refused absolution until the withered staff upon which it would seem that, even in the most flourishing period of the Papacy, the Holy Father was in the habit of leaning for support, shall have blossomed into leaf; how the good knight returns a broken-hearted man, and dies; and how a messenger

then arrives from Rome, reporting that a miracle has occurred (too late) in his favour, and that the Pope's withered staff has put forth leaves.

But this poem is (for the reasons already stated) no fair or adequate specimen of Julian Fane's poetic faculty at the time when it was written. Amongst others which he composed during that period of his life, there are some which I esteem myself fortunate in being able to rescue from the oblivion to which his own modesty would perhaps have consigned them had his life been prolonged. These fully justify the opinion expressed by Mr. Elwin, that Julian Fane "would have stamped his mind on his writings, if his profession had not absorbed the pick of his day." I am persuaded that every competent judge of an extremely difficult, and rarely successful form of verse, will immediately recognize in them not only merit of a high order, but ample evidence of an original faculty which, had he lived to cultivate it in the leisure of his later life, might have enriched the literature he so reverently loved, and so assiduously studied.

The sonnet, of all forms of verse, lends itself

most readily to the use of those who desire to give to a commonplace sentiment the force of an original utterance, and to invest a comparatively small amount of thought with a very large amount of æsthetic effect. But, for this very reason, it is a form of verse which most severely tests the art of the poet. It admits of no mediocrity. It must be written with the fist instead of the finger; and yet with a delicacy of manipulation of which none but the finest and most skilful finger is capable. The number of those poets who have succeeded in the composition of it is exceedingly small, belonging to the first rank only; and even here the differences are great. Masterly as are the sonnets of Milton, Wordsworth, or Keats, those of Shakespeare have a peculiar poetical physiology which places them quite apart, constituting a separate group, related to, but essentially differing from, all the others. Turning away from the more ordinary form, Julian Fane went back to this of Shakespeare; he loved and studied Shakespeare's sonnets till he became saturated with the spirit of them; and the following series, written by him after his

splendid model, mark an astonishing progess in the development of his poetic faculty, when we compare them with the selections from his early poems which are printed in a preceding chapter of this Memoir. They will usher in appropriately those later and yet finer examples of the same form to which a special reference has been already made.

SONNETS.

I.

If ever I, whose jealous care is bent
To guard thine eyes from taint of any tear,
To keep the current of thy calm content
Fair-flowing, and of every trouble clear—
If ever I, by language or by look,
By seeming slight of a discursive eye,
By heedless words for heedful speech mistook,
Or thought conjectured in a thoughtless sigh,
Have yielded thee but briefest taste, dear heart,
Of Love's sharp doubt whereon I daily feed,
I wronged myself most—lending thee that smart
From which to guard thee is my chiefest heed.

Oh! who that feels Love's fangs but must delight
To save the soul he loves from Love's despite.

II.

WHEN in dark hours my wakeful thoughts do sum
The tears and troubles of a parted day,
Or else of pale Calamity to come
Conjecture the faint features with dismay—
Life seems so full of anger and of scorn,
So scant of pleasure, prodigal of pain,
That I would flee the wrathful fates unborn
And turn me to my Mother-Earth again:
To die were sweet, to lose Love's lasting sadness,
But sad it were to lose Love's seldom sweet;
Love deals a death for every hour of gladness
But quickens that he tramples under feet:

Oh! Love, 'tis dying—with thee to draw breath,
To die without thee were a double death.

III.

WHERE thy kind looks enkindle the bright air,
And every flower smells better for thy breath,
How sweet seems Life, how amiable, fair!
And, oh how fierce the armèd Terror, Death:
But when thy face, as sometimes Summer's pride
Is rack'd with clouds and lash'd with pitiless rain,
Lets all its fairness in a frown subside,
And all its Love grows shrouded in disdain—
Then would I flee—since most unkind thou art—
From Life—a Fury frenzied with despair,
To Death, young Death, not armed with any dart,
But crowned with poppies, who is mild and fair:

Enchantress! at the changing of whose breath
Dear Life grows hateful,—lovely, loathsome Death.

IV.

FAIN would I flee, when thou unkindest art,
From Life—a Fury, frenzied with despair,
To Death, young Death, not armed with any dart,
But crowned with poppies, who is mild and fair:
But when, by late remorsefulness subdued,
Thou look'st contrition on some graceless deed,
And, all with sweet submissive tears bedewed,
Thy penitential eyes for pardon plead—
Then, while thy kind looks kindle the bright air,
And purple earth with paradisal blooms,
Life, changed to Loveliness, looks mild and fair,
And Death, grown terrible, his dart resumes:

What can I name thee but Enchantress still,
Who Life and Death dost beautify at will?

V.

WHAT could he do, the faint and fluttering bird
Thou holdest in the hollow of thy hand,
If, to some freak of sudden frenzy stirr'd,
Thou dashed'st him to earth where thou dost stand?
Nay, if the wildness of a wanton whim
Should prompt thy barbarous hand to score his eyes,
Or shed the plumage from each shuddering limb,
What could the little captive with his cries?
He might not save himself by brittle beak
Nor tiny talons in thy palm incised;
And if, unloved, he loved thee, and could speak,
Oh, what would profit him a plaint despised?

Since, tortured, helpless, and unloved, as he,
I plead for pity, and find none in thee.

VI.

CAN I esteem thee base and love thee well,
And love thee base nor lose my self-esteem ?
When most my thoughts on thy demerits dwell
I strive to think they are not what they seem :
Thy falsehood is the unflattery of truth,
And thy disloyalty is faith belied,
Thy lack of charity is slandered ruth,
Thy coldness modesty mistook for pride ;
Thy miscalled scorn is like disdain no whit,
Nor thy dissemblance semblative of fraud—
They do but seem so to a forward wit
That loves not, even whom it loves to laud :

Thy merits only do I judge aright,
Thy faults are failings born of my despite.

VII.

OH ! thro' what spell do I subserve a power
By forceful fraud usurped upon my soul,
And, once so proud to rise, now prone to lour,
Do hug oppression that did hate controul,
And both afflictions and affronts sustain
Nor yet rebel against my wretched state,
I that have scorned the scorn of Pride's disdain
And never bowed before the frown of Fate,
But held my front to whatsoever woes
And 'gainst beleaguering ills have stood at bay,
Have blow for blow requited on my foes
And borne me like a man in Fortune's fray ?

Love, that unmans me,—knows my bated cheer
And the blind bully flouts me without fear.

VIII.

'Tis true, I have misused thee in my speech
By seldom speaking what I oft forebore;
The truant tongue sometimes will over-reach
Prudence that watches at his prison door;
And sometimes Pride will overbear and break
The laws by Patience for his check designed,
And will assault Love's loyalty and make
A chaos in the kingdom of the mind;
Then in wild insurrectionary rout
Against thee will my rabble thoughts rebel,
And long-gagged Indignation will cry out,
And Grief her tocsin in thy ears will knell:

Till Love, thy regent, doth the rout refute,
And slavish thought and servile tongue grow mute.

IX.

As one who, conscious of an enemy's eye,
But loth to look his foeman in the face,
With strait regards peruseth earth or sky,
Shunning disaster for a little space;
So outward turns my mind its strenuous glance,
Fearing to front a thought that dwells within—
So from my judgment looks my heart askance,
Seeking from wrath a brief reprieve to win:
For still 'tis sweet—how sweet a boon of grace,
Sad heart that shudderest at thy doom, declare—
Yet for one hour to shun the accursèd face
Of thought that shows her foul who seems so fair:

Dear respite of the doom that comes, I know,
When Love in Thought discerns his deadly foe.

This series was never completed. Here is another poem, dated October, 1865.

OAK AND FERN.

"See now, this fern, cut near the root, reveals
The semblance of an oak enfibred there."
Old Play.

I.

BEARING his image in her heart;
Who once to her was all in all,
A shade to screen her from the heat,
A shelter from the storm;
Fiercely against whose mighty form
The bellowing tempest vainly beat,
And all the winds would brawl;
Whose pleachèd branches had the power
To tame the fierce rain to a shower
And make the whirlwind musical;
Who made the angry noon seem sweet,
As thro' his foliaged arms would fall
The mellow'd light ambrosial
Upon her—lowly at his feet.

II.

Bearing his image in her heart;
As here within her gaze he grew
With leafy hands outstretch'd to love her
And lure her to his side,
Who stood in all his kingly pride
So near, and yet so far above her,

The greatest that she knew;
Till down the dreadful axe descended
That clove his life in twain, and rended
All his pride, and overthrew.
Hence, where she may not discover,
Beyond her simple ken and view,
They bore him; but her heart keeps true
The picture of her parted lover.

III.

Bearing his image in her heart;
The image of his leafy pride,
The semblance of the shape he wore
When he stood by her side:
Whilst haply he, transform'd, away
In Carabee or far Cathay
Now breasts the billowy tide,
Bears Victory's flag above the roar
Of guns, where some high cause is tried,
Or, piled with grain of gold, may glide
In peace along the Libyan shore.

IV.

Bearing his image in her heart;
Some woman left alone to pine,
Who bears the likeness of her mate
Limn'd in her tender breast;
The face she knew, the form she press'd,
The hand she clasp'd, the lips that late
Had kiss'd and call'd her 'mine';
The image of her darling dead,
Not of that glory-circled head,
And seraph-form divine,

Which haply guards the golden gate
Of Truth against the Arch-foe's line,
Or stands expectant at the shrine
Where souls disjoin'd for union wait.

Of the poems annually addressed by Julian Fane to his mother, on each occasion of her birthday, I have already spoken. The series, begun at a very early age (when he was yet a child), and continued without interruption to the last year of his life, would, if printed, fill a tolerably large volume; it would contain a quite extraordinary variety of verse, composed in all kinds of metres, (odes, songs, sonnets, and blank verse), all on the same theme; nor would any other memorial of him preserve, with a better chance of duration, so many beautiful characteristics of his nature and his genius. Perhaps the best of these votive poems, however, are those which were written in the few last years of his life. Among them are a series of sonnets to which I have already made special reference, written whilst he was at Vienna, and to these I must limit what I now print.

AD MATREM.

(VIENNA, MARCH 13, 1862.)

I.

THIS day that, like a jubilant herald clad,
Rises, the bright recorder of thy birth,
Trumpets a blast of joy that leaves me sad
To think how great thy good, how small my worth!
Thou, of this human garden the sole Queen,
Fair to men's eyes and in the face of Heaven,
Bearest thine outward fair but as a screen
To that best beauty that within lies hidden;
Love, Truth, and Charity—these seraphs three
Make up the fragrance of the soul, and these
Which with the sister graces dwell with thee,
Do more delight than all the graces please.

The flower's best beauty is of sweet scents rife,
And thy best praise lies in thy perfumed life.

II.

But I, who trail my wild growth at thy feet,
Drawn to thy neighbourhood by love too dear
That shuns a distance, tho' it were more meet,
As making less my lowliness appear,
Bask in thy smile, and seek no light but thine,
Nor any beauty but from thee reflected,
Glad but of thy dear gladness which is mine,
And proud of love by *thy* love not rejected.
Near thee, annext by memory, I can dream
The world is free of falsehood and disdain,

As, looking in thy face, who would not deem
Truth true, Love loyal, Charity humane ?

So thou but love me still without alloy
Earth seems a paradise and life pure joy.

III.

Oft, in the after days, when thou and I
Have fallen from the scope of human view,
When, both together, under the sweet sky
We sleep beneath the daisies and the dew,
Men will recall thy gracious presence bland,
Conning the pictured sweetness of thy face ;
Will pore o'er paintings by thy plastic hand,
And vaunt thy skill, and tell thy deeds of grace ;
Oh may they then, who crown thee with true bays,
Saying "What love unto her son she bore!"
Make this addition to thy perfect praise
"Nor ever yet was mother worshipt more!"

So shall I live with thee, and thy dear fame
Shall link my love unto thine honour'd name.

IV.

But be the date of thy sweet setting far!
Distant the night be, and delayed that sorrow
Which, weeping thine eclipse, my morning star,
Will bid me follow thee ere dawn the morrow!
For what to me were this mad masque and vain,
This sublunary tumult of sad noise,
Deprived my privilege to share thy pain
And be partaker of thy passing joys ?

O, if thou sett'st some value on my days
Prolong thine own ; and let thine office be,
Living, to soothe me with thy partial praise,
As I will live but to be loved of thee.

Take heed, dear heart, of life and love that give
To me my sole desire to love and live.

AD MATREM.

(London, March 13, 1863.)

I.

Oh what a royalty of song should greet
The unclouded advent of thy natal day!
All things of musical utterance should meet
In concord of a many-sounding lay ;
Let the proud trumpet tongue thy noble praise,
The rolling drum reverberate thy fame,
Let fifes and flutes their fluttering voices raise,
And the glad cymbals tinkle to thy name ;
Let the clear horn play tribute to thy truth,
The deep-based viol tenderly intone
Thy womanly pity and large heart of ruth ;
But of my love let my voice sing alone :

Theme to my jealous lips most dear, most meet,
If that my voice, to voice it, were more sweet.

II.

Nay, but thy sweetness shall my song replete
With sweetness, as the flower to the bee
That pastures in its petals lends the sweet
Whereof the honey savours. Not to me

Belong the praise, if words that do rehearse
Thy loving kindness loving be, and kind ;
'Tis but thy nature shining thro' my verse,
From the love-lighted mirror of my mind.
Thy beauty beautifies the rhythmic chime,
Thy grace makes gracious what is sung of thee,
Thy pureness praised doth purify my rhyme,
As thy loved nobleness ennobles me :

Praise thou the virtues that to thee belong
And then thy praise belongeth to my song.

III.

How many a year hath Time, with felon hand,
Filch'd from the sum of my allotted days
(Alas ! with no performance that may stand
In warrant of a well-earn'd meed of praise !)
Time hath the forehead of my life belined,
And clipt my youth with his accursed shears,
Hath made companionable Joy unkind,
And taught mine eyes the fellowship of tears ;
His false hands falsely have my mind assail'd,
Thence stealing many a secret of sweet pleasure ;
But his foil'd fingers nothing have prevail'd,
Against my heart—the casket of my treasure.

My love of thee preserved in its fresh prime,
I, robb'd, left rich ; how poor a thief is Time !

IV.

Oh what to me were glory and renown
And the world's witness to my famous'd name,
Match'd with that love which caps me with a crown
Of honour, far more honouring than fame !

Fame sticks a feather in the front of fools,
And oft contracts the forehead and the eyes
Of Wisdom, when she flaunts it thro' the schools,
Flatter'd by Folly and no longer wise.
But that pure passion which I boast my own
Leads to true wisdom thro' the love of thee,
Makes me more proud than monarch on his throne,
Richer possest, and more renown'd than he.

Kings' fame lives often but in fabling story,
True love in Heaven attains to truest glory.

V.

Sometimes I think that from the blissful skies,
Where walk the angels in the land of God,
The happy spirits regard with rueful eyes
This sorrowing planet that with us they trod;
Yea, and perhaps they hover with their wings
Over our households, and do gently come
Taking observance of familiar things,
Within the precincts of their whilom home:
Then do our lost ones, mother, from above
(Whose memory we keep verdant with our tears)
Mingle among us, and observe my love
How it increaseth with increase of years.

But they must love thee so, that I fear this:
Lest from my love they take thee to their bliss.

VI.

Oh may they leave me still my happy day
Which all its light of joy from thee doth borrow,
And not take all the wealth of stars away
Wherewith thou brightenest my night of sorrow!

Joy were quite joyless, widow'd of thy smile,
And dear Delight, orphan'd of thee, would grow
To Sadness, tenfold sadder than erewhile,
Wanting the salve of tears to soothe his woe.
O hovering Angels, whom I seem to see,
Fair faces glad upon this day of mirth,
To her be gracious, and be kind to me,
Love her in Heaven, but let her live on earth.

Draw not, sweet Saints, my Saint unto your light;
Whose life to me makes day of this world's night.

AD MATREM.

(VIENNA, MARCH 13, 1864.)

I.

HOW sweet to me comes the recurrent time
Which, like the dawn unto the bird of day,
Or night to her that trills love's labour'd chime,
Or to the Theban statue the sun's ray,
Or, showering benedictions sweet as Spring
That crams the woods with harmonies of joy,
Doth teach my soul with all her powers to sing
And in song-service all her skill employ;
Dear service dedicate to Song, who loves
To thee her sacrificial rites to pay,
The while thy son, her servant, as behoves,
Doth reverent tendance on thy natal day,

Which bids him once more greet thee with acclaim,
And chant anew thy sweet belovèd name.

II.

When I consider how the years are gone
And see thy fair locks frosted into snow,
Hath time, I ask, thy younger worth undone,
Bedimm'd thy soul, or blurr'd thy beauty? No!
Time, that to most is tyrant grim and dread,
In course of nature unto thee proves kind,
Who spreads pure silver on thy shining head,
And bright as gold preserves thy burnisht mind:
From Time thy mortal wins a mellowing grace,
And thine immortal learns but to aspire;
A milder glory plays about thy face
Lit by the placid soul's seraphic fire:

The sweet mind mirror'd in the gentle mien;
Thy face so fair, because thy soul's serene.

III.

"A milder glory plays about thy face,"
As late I saw it on the unhappy night
Grow fair before me, tender with all grace
And sweet companion of my woeful plight:
The fire-tongued fever coursed my shuddering veins
And my diseased thought was full of care,
And weary seem'd the world and all its pains,
As very languor bred a dull despair;
When suddenly the dark began to grow
Bright, and a silver-lighted circle spread
Till thy fair face look'd comfort on my woe
And round about me healing effluence shed:

Then hope and health come back to me apace
Revived by virtue of thy vision'd face.

IV.

O vision'd face unutterably fair,
How oft when blackness muffled up the night
And tempest-laden was the surcharged air,
Nor any hope appeared of starry light,
How often, lucent as the full-faced moon
When suddenly she rends the clouded fleece,
Hath thy sweet influence, like an unhoped boon,
Turn'd dark to bright, and tempest into peace!
Queen of my night of sorrows hast thou been,
Whose countenance of good all evil mars,
Knowing to crown with hopeful light serene
Earth's darksome vault when most forlorn of stars,

And to convert clouds bodeful of despair
To silver-suited omens good and fair.

V.

Dost thou remember, sovereign of my heart,
Dost thou remember when the days were young
My child-love play'd a parasitic part
And round thee with a green affection clung?
Since when, its annual service to approve
Upon thy natal day, all days among,
The clustering growth that clothes thee with its love
Puts forth some blossom of perennial song:
So, like a stately tree whose bole is gay,
With crowded blooms, whose top to heaven towers,
Thou to the skies pursuest thy quiet way
By filial fancy garlanded with flowers.

The flowers are nought in odour or in hue
Save that love bred them, and that love is true.

VI.

Music, and frankincense of flowers, belong
To this sweet festival of all the year.
Take, then, the latest blossom of my song,
And to Love's canticle incline thine ear.
What is it that Love chaunts? thy perfect praise.
What is it that Love prays? worthy to prove.
What is it Love desires? thy length of days.
What is it that Love asks? return of love.
Ah, what requital can Love ask more dear
Than by Love's priceless self to be repaid?
Thy liberal love, increasing year by year,
Hath granted more than all my heart hath pray'd,

And, prodigal as Nature, makes me pine
To think how poor my love compared with thine!

CHAPTER VIII.

Report on Austrian Commerce.

It would be impossible to illustrate adequately the versatility of Julian Fane's intelligence without adding to the foregoing specimens of his verse at least an equal number of selections from the mass of official correspondence in which he was simultaneously engaged. Unfortunately, however, there is scarcely one of his despatches or reports which is not either too confidential, or else too statistical, for insertion in such a memoir as the present. The following Public Report on Austrian commerce in the year 1864, must suffice to show the lucidity and simplicity of his official style, and how completely he was able to keep apart the poetical and practical sides of his character. It contains, moreover, some observations which are still interesting although the figures they refer to are now out of date.

REPORT BY MR. FANE, HER MAJESTY'S SECRETARY OF EMBASSY.

MR. FANE TO LORD BLOOMFIELD.

VIENNA, *May* 10, 1864.

MY LORD,

THE commercial movement in Austria has of late years attracted much attention in England, and a very general conviction is entertained that if international trade were not restricted by unwise legislation, a rapid expansion would be given to those narrow commercial relations which now subsist between Great Britain and the Empire. The value of British exports to Austrian territories in 1862 was 787,058*l.* In 1863 it slightly exceeded 1,000,000*l.* sterling. That is to say, Austria, with a population of about 35,000,000 souls, takes from us less than one-eighth part of what is taken by France; considerably less than one-fifth of what is taken by Italy; less than one-third of what is taken by Spain; not quite one-half of what is taken by Belgium; and something less than what is taken by the Kingdom of Denmark.*

* Austria sent us in 1863 commodities to the value of 879,457*l.*, being less than was sent us by Greece, and about one-third of what we obtained from Denmark in the same year.

The comparative stagnation of trade which the foregoing figures indicate is chiefly regretted by those whose practical knowledge informs them that all the conditions of an extensive interchange of commodities are satisfied by the commercial capabilities and requirements of either country; and it is to many a matter of disappointment—to some perhaps a subject of complaint—that no measure has yet been carried for placing the trade between the two countries upon a more natural and satisfactory basis. And yet this result, or more properly this absence of results, is due neither to apathy on our part, nor to any original refusal to negotiate on the part of Austria, but is attributable to causes of which an intelligible explanation may be best offered in the form of a brief narrative of events.

The idea of an extensive commerce between Great Britain and Austria is one which, as already intimated, grows naturally out of a knowledge of the necessities and superfluities of either country. Austria can furnish England abundantly with many of the raw staples she requires; and English industry, if freed from the trammels of obstructive legislation, can best satisfy some of the most pressing needs of Austria. Grain, wool, wine, hemp, hides, tallow, oil-seeds, bristles, drugs, dyes, rags, tobacco, and dried provisions, form a limited list of the commodities which

the Empire can offer to England. In return, England, unless practically prohibited by the law of Customs, can best supply the immediate wants of the population of Austria for agricultural implements and machinery of every description, for iron, steel, and hardware; to the general public she can offer many articles of manufacture which will certainly be better, and, unless exorbitantly taxed, cheaper than the home product; and to the humblest classes of the community she can furnish, if permitted, an important article of food in the produce of her vast herring-fisheries.

Under the existence of conditions so favourable to the practice of international barter upon an extensive scale, it is no wonder that a desire should have sprung up for a revision of the commercial enactments which have hitherto regulated and repressed trade between the two countries. Accordingly, proposals of a practical character were submitted so far back as the early summer of 1862, to the Austrian Government, and the incidental communications which preceded this step left no doubt of the desire entertained in influential quarters to submit the proposals of England to a ready consideration.

At the very moment, however, when this advance had been made, the disapproval with which Austria had watched the negociation of a Commercial Treaty between Prussia and France assumed the form of

active opposition. That Treaty,* which acknowledges its prototype in the Anglo-French Treaty, was the first practical tribute paid in Germany to the principles of economic science. It cannot, indeed, be said, in an unrestricted sense, to involve free trade, since it does not establish a purely revenue tariff. But it so effectually repudiates the radical vices of the Zollverein tariff, and substitutes for its ultra-protective Tables a scale of duties comparatively so moderate, that it may fairly claim the character of a thoroughly liberal measure. If it be not the accomplishment, it is at least the inauguration of free trade in Germany. Prussia negotiated the Treaty not on her own account only, but on behalf of the Zollverein; and her object was, and still is, to cause it to be accepted and ratified by all the constituent States of the Great Commercial League.

The motives which impelled Austria to denounce the commercial handiwork of Prussia were, no doubt, of a complex character. It will be sufficient here to indicate in a sentence their general scope. It was obvious that if all the German States which, together with Prussia, compose the Zollverein, should adopt the Franco-Prussian Treaty, Austria, remaining strictly protectionist, would find herself invested by a free-trade coalition which would condemn her to complete commercial isolation in Germany; and her sagacity

* It was "paraphé" on the 29th March, 1862.

apprehended that political and social estrangement might speedily follow the alienation of material interests. Unless, therefore, she were ready to abjure her traditional principles of policy and commerce, it was necessary, in order to avoid the isolation with which she was threatened, that Austria should take action in the critical conjuncture prepared for her by the Franco-Prussian Treaty. Such action she accordingly took by proposing (July 10, 1862) to become herself a member of the Zollverein, declaring that she was prepared to adopt in the main the tariffs of the League (and eventually to co-operate in liberalizing them), so that there might be no obstacle to her assuming at once the rights and duties of membership. It was probably not forgotten that one of those rights would have empowered her to raise an authoritative voice against the adoption by the Zollverein of the Franco-Prussian Treaty.

As soon as Austria had taken this step she announced that it would be impossible for her to enter into any commercial arrangement with a foreign Power until her future commercial relations with Germany were clearly defined; and the negotiation with England was accordingly suspended.

Prussia peremptorily rejected the proposition of Austria to enter the Zollverein. Whatever motives of a politic character might be thought to prompt her

rejection, she was able to rest it upon purely logical grounds. The avowed intention of Austria in entering the Zollverein was to adopt, and ultimately to assist in modifying, the existing Tariffs of the League; and it was precisely these Tariffs which Prussia, previously to the negotiation of the Franco-Prussian Treaty, had declared that she would not renew on their expiration in 1865. There could be as little question of her consenting to their simple modification, since the Franco-Prussian Treaty was the most emphatic declaration she could make of her repudiation of the Protectionist *principles* of which those Tariffs are the expression. Prussia was therefore able to base her rejection of the proposal of Austria on the impossibility of lending her sanction to the avowed object which Austria had in view. A controversial correspondence between the two Governments arose on the subject, complicated as it became by the disputed intepretation of a clause in the Treaty of 1853, and that correspondence remains unconcluded at the present day. The relative position of the polemical Powers, is, however, clearly definable, and may be thus described:—

Prussia proposes, on the expiration of the Zollverein at the close of the year 1865, to reconstruct that Commercial League on the basis of her Treaty with France In other words she invites Germany to adopt the principles of Free Trade.

Austria, on the other hand, proposes to become herself a member of the Zollverein on conditions which she has formally specified in a recent publication. Those conditions involve the maintenance by Germany of Protectionist principles.

The publication above referred to, in which Austria specifies the terms on which she proposes to join the Zollverein, is termed "Project of a Customs Tariff, in the sense of the Austrian proposals of 10th July, 1862, to be arranged between Austria and the German Zollverein for common adoption."* The tabular portion of this work is arranged in four parallel columns, of which the first shows the new scale of duties proposed by Austria; the second, the duties actually levied under the existing Austrian Tariff; the third, those at present levied by the Zollverein; and the fourth those leviable under the Franco-Prussian Treaty. It is by collating the first and fourth of these columns that a perception may be gained of the difference between the proposals made to Germany by

* This document has been inaccurately spoken of as if it were the Project of a Commercial Treaty for settling the customs duties to be levied at the respective frontiers. Its object is, on the contrary, to abolish commercial frontiers by effecting the adoption of a common tariff. The prefatory declaration of the work is that the Franco-Prussian Treaty proposes to establish customs-duties which, if carried into effect, would render impossible the continuance of a self-supporting industry in Germany as well as in Austria.

Austria and Prussia respectively, and a few of the corresponding items may be here rapidly contrasted.

Cotton Manufactures.—On the "commoner" sorts the new Austrian Tariff proposes a duty of 3*l.* (30 florins); the Prussian (French Treaty) Tariff, one of 30*s.* (15 florins) per centner.*

On "fine" sorts the proposed Austrian duty is 7*l.* 10*s.* (75 florins); the Prussian, 4*l.* 10*s.* (45 florins).

On "superfine" sorts the proposed Austrian duty is 15*l.* (150 florins); the Prussian again 4*l.* 10*s.* (45 florins).

Linens.—The proposed Austrian duty on "fine" sorts is 5*l.* (50 florins) per centner; the Prussian, from 30*s.* (15 florins) to 3*l.* (30 florins).

On "superfine" the proposed Austrian duty is 15*l.* (150 florins); the Prussian, 3*l.* (30 florins), and in one instance (thread-lace) 6*l.* (60 florins).

Silks.—On the "common" sorts of silk manufactures the proposed Austrian duty is 7*l.* 10*s.* (75 florins), and on "fine" sorts 15*l.* (150 florins); the corresponding Prussian duties rising from 4*l.* 10*s.* (45 florins) to 6*l.* (60 florins).

* The tariff of the Franco-Prussian Treaty provides two scales of duties—one for immediate use, the other, more liberal, to come into operation in 1866. The latter is alone quoted in the text, as there is no question of changing the existing Zollverein tariff before that year. The approximate English equivalents of sums in Austrian florins are given without reference to the continually fluctuating rates of exchange.

It is difficult to offer a brief comparison of the duties on iron and iron wares, owing to the conflicting classification of the Tariffs; but an item may be given in the duties leviable on

Machinery—the proposed Austrian scale rising from 4*s.* (2 florins) per cwt. to 15*s.* (7 florins 50 kreuzers); the Prussian corresponding scale from 1*s.* 6*d.* (75 kreuzers) to 4*s.* 6*d.* (2 florins, 25 kreuzers).

The few items above cited will serve to show how far, and in what direction, the Austrian and Prussian proposals differ from one another. The publication from which they are taken has been forwarded, both officially and through private channels, to England, and has doubtless undergone there a thorough examination as to how far the scheme it embodies would be likely, if carried into practice, to affect our commercial relations with Germany. It is, however, doubtful whether the Tariff in question will ever receive practical application. Highly protective as it is, it yet represents in some instances a considerable reduction on the exorbitant duties actually levied in Austria, as may be seen by comparing the first and second columns of the work which embodies it. Hence it is regarded by a large class in Austria as representing the price, involving heavy sacrifices, which they are prepared to pay for admission into the Zollverein, and if that condition be not fulfilled, it is by no means certain that they would

agree to the same terms for any less equivalent. But if Austria remains of her present mind, what chance is there of that condition being fulfilled? She insists, on the one hand, on joining the Zollverein with a Protectionist Tariff. On the other hand, Prussia, by her Treaty with France, is pledged in the witness of her own people and of Europe to the principles of Free Trade, and it would seem impossible that she should now repudiate those principles by consenting to the adoption of an avowedly Protectionist Tariff for the whole of Germany. Such a course would indeed involve nothing less than a commercial *coup d'état*, of which Prussia has as yet made no sign.

If the desire of Austria to enter the Zollverein should prove impracticable, it is anticipated that she will adopt one of these two courses :—

Either she will endeavour to form a Commercial League of her own with such members of the existing Zollverein as are least well-disposed towards the Franco-Prussian Treaty; or she may confine herself to negotiating a new Commercial Treaty with the Zollverein to replace the Treaty of 1853, which expires at the close of next year.

The first of these courses, involving the dissolution of the existing Zollverein and the repartition of its component States into separate Leagues, is one which historical analogy does not indicate as likely to be

pursued. The idea has been more than once entertained, and as often abandoned. Its realization could only be rendered practicable by political combinations which may, perhaps, arise, but which it is not within the province of this paper to contemplate.

The obstacle to the second course is offered by Article XXXI. of the Franco-Prussian Treaty, which embodies the "most favoured nation" clause in favour of France, and which would bar Prussia from conceding such exclusive privileges as Austria enjoys under the Treaty of 1853. It is thought, however, that this difficulty might be overcome by an understanding between Prussia and France which would permit concessions of a limited character to be made to Austria in the supposed interests of her frontier trade, and Austrian merchants appear now to be of opinion that it is upon some such basis that the commercial relations between Austria and the Zollverein will eventually be renewed.

Either of these two courses would, however, condemn Austria to another epoch of Protection. Is it impossible to hope for better things? Is it irrevocably decided that the opportunity for striking off the shackles which impede the progress of this Empire towards material prosperity shall be suffered to pass unprofitably by? It is certain that the simultaneous expiration of the Zollverein and of the Treaty of 1853

at the close of next year will form a memorable crisis in the life of Austria, and that the tenor of her unwritten history will largely depend upon the character of the commercial legislation which she may in the interval determine to adopt. Impartial judges do not doubt that much of present lethargy and collapse in Austria is but the natural sequel to a past vicious in its legislation, and that the future, teeming with benefits or fruitful of calamity to her people, rests its capital hope upon a wise application of the principles of science. And so strongly does this conviction take possession of the mind of an Englishman, who cannot avoid contrasting the sorry results of one system in Austria with the happy influences exercised by another in his own country, that it will at once account, and if necessary apologize, for recurrence to a theme which has been frequently and freely discussed in preceding Reports. And if this plea be admitted, it may perhaps serve to assure those whose opinions have been courteously, it is hoped, if not sparingly assailed, whether by written or spoken argument, that it is indeed a sincere belief in the efficacy of Free Trade to prosper nations, and not the indefatigable attempt to foist English manufactures upon unwilling customers, which has prompted reiterated protests against the system which they so indefatigably defend. The very insinuation of selfish motives in the case implies that

view of commercial liberty which is unhappily too common in Austria, and according to which the removal of barriers which obstruct the influx of external trade is looked upon as a concession to the foreign producer, instead of being regarded as primarily a boon to the native consumer. If this fallacy had not possessed the minds of those who most vehemently attacked the Franco-Prussian Treaty, they would not so persistently have cited against it the exploded doctrine of equivalents; and if they had been familiar with the elemental law which teaches that the foreign commodity imported into a country is always paid for, directly or indirectly, with the produce of the industry of that country, they would not have raised so loud an outcry against injustice to German labour. But indeed the theory that to buy things produced at home is to confer a national benefit, and that to purchase foreign commodities is generally to inflict a national loss, enjoys such popularity in Austria that it may not unfrequently be found at the bottom of the minds of those who profess themselves free-traders. To the present generation of Englishmen who, having been nurtured in the doctrines of political economy, are as familiar with its rudiments as they are with the multiplication-table, what is simple matter of fact may appear incredible—that profession of free trade views is frequently made abroad by grave and otherwise not

unlearned men, who employ the term simply to express approval of the reduction of custom duties *where it can be effected without obvious danger to the home manufacturer.* In a word, the principles of economic science, and the literature both English and foreign which expounds and illustrates them, are generally ignored in Austria; and out of such ignorance springs a crop of commercial fallacies which are injuring the vital interests of the Empire.

The radical error which has underlain the commercial legislation of Austria, and which, unless uprooted, will vitiate her future policy, is a misapprehension of the very elements which constitute national wealth. The large fortunes realized by a few highly-protected manufacturers are regarded as the symptoms of public prosperity. That such a view should obtain will perhaps not appear surprising when it is considered that the social position attained by successful merchants enables them to lead, as practical and influential men, the opinions of statesmen and legislators not specially instructed on matters appertaining to commerce. If the converse of this proposition could but once be impressed on the minds of the governing body; namely, that national wealth does not consist in the great fortunes realized by individual merchants, but is created by the saving of price to consumers, a complete revolution in the commercial legislation of

Austria would ensue. For it is impossible to believe that the present system could survive a clear perception of the theoretical errors on which it reposes, and of the enormous public injury which it inflicts. The practical monopoly secured to the manufacturers by the exorbitant duties levied on foreign merchandize is simply an instrument in their hands for producing artificial dearness, by which they are enabled to levy on the public a formidable amount of taxation for their own benefit. Moreover all experience teaches that, as a rule, energy, thrift, and skill are not the characteristic virtues of highly-protected traders; so that in addition to their wares being very dear, they are generally speaking also very bad; and in the purchase of dear, bad articles, the public practically pays a tax on the laziness and incapacity of the producer. If this result of Protection, with which the student is familiar in theory, should be doubted in practice by the advocates of the system, the citation of one fact, out of many which might be recorded, may assist in removing their scepticism. A purchaser who may be denominated A, recently bought a piece of goods of an Austrian manufacturer, B. Shortly after the bargain had been concluded, A meets B, and accuses him of having sold not only a dear, but an execrably bad manufacture, which was already beginning to wear out. B, after a little fencing, admits the justice of the accu-

sation, but protests that it is not in human nature to forego the pecuniary advantages offered to the native manufacturer by the Austrian Tariff. "That Tariff," he argues, "enables me to sell my goods dear, although I make them bad. If I were to make them better, which I could easily do with my excellent workmen, the price of production would be increased, and my gains diminished. Why should I forego profits which the custom-duties decreed by the State enable me to realize?" "And what say you," asked the astonished A, "to the morality of your avowed practice?" "Oh, that," replied B, "must rest with the conscience of the State which 'protects' me."

This is an individual avowal of the working of the system, and a collective avowal of the same tendency is involved in the clamorous protest of the manufacturers against any real approach to Free Trade. What does that protest imply but a confession that after years of the strictest protection their goods are comparatively so bad and so dear that even limited competition would ruin them? The public may well ask *when* they will consider themselves capable of encountering competition, and what improvements in their several crafts they anticipate making during another period of Protection which they have failed to make during the period now past. In the great majority of cases there is simply no ground for anticipating improvement under the

present system, because even where the conditions of progress exist there is no inducement to develope them. According to the ingenuous confession of those chiefly interested, the protective system makes it not "worth their while" to improve their productions. Under these circumstances to ask for continued immunity from competition until they feel capable of enduring it, is like the demand of timid children not to enter the water until they feel confident that they can swim. Competition has become the indispensable condition of the acquisition in Austria of the art of successful manufacture.

The manufacturers, indeed, boast that of late years they have been able to realize unusually high profits from a happy combination of extravagant protective duties with a much depreciated currency. They profess themselves under a double obligation to the latter; first, for enabling them to pay the costs of their production in a currency debased from 20 to 40 per cent. below that in which they have received payment from their foreign purchasers; and secondly for preventing (through a reversal of the above conditions) the practice of smuggling. Are the persons who make this boast aware that the protective duties to which they owe a portion of their enormous profits represent simply a tax levied on the whole community for their especial behoof, and that the depreciated currency

which has contributed to their unusual gains is also virtually a tax upon the community as well as a fraud upon creditors? And if they are acquainted with these simple propositions, are they prepared to demand that they should continue to find the elements of their own prosperity in the conditions of calamity to their fellow citizens?

It is more than probable that, as regards the great majority of Austrian manufacturers, the foregoing question must be answered in a manner more favourable to their humanity than to their knowledge. They probably do not know the extent to which they act as extortioners towards the community of which they form part—an assumption which is warranted by the ignorance of economic laws revealed in their occasional utterances. So unacquainted, indeed, are they with what commercial freedom tends to effect that, in their recent alarm of what might follow the deliberations of an Austrian and Prussian Commissioner at Prague, they solemnly adjured the Government to eschew any approach to Free Trade legislation, lest they should endanger the future revenues of the State. "Let the Government," they exclaimed, "beware of liberalising the Tariff, for by so doing they will ruin many manufacturers, and in that ruin what rich sources of public revenue, what capacity to sustain future taxation will they not destroy!" It is unfortunate for the appro-

priateness of this exclamation, that both theory and practice demonstrate that freedom of commerce unchains a force which, by extending and enriching the area of taxation, multiplies enormously the sources whence the public revenues may be most abundantly derived. It may be of interest to glance for a moment at the results of a liberal policy in Great Britain. In the ten years from 1832 to 1841, when our commercial legislation was comparatively stationary, Customs and Excise duties were remitted to the amount of 1,317,000*l.* net (*i. e.* in excess of similar taxes imposed) or at the rate of 131,000*l.* a-year. During that period the revenue from Customs and Excise increased by 1,707,000*l.*, or at the rate of 170,000*l.* a-year, while the increase of the export trade was 15,156,000*l.*, or at the rate of 1,515,000*l.* annually. These were the results of our policy anterior to the epoch of reform. But in the twelve years from 1842 to 1853, during which our greatest reforms were effected, Customs and Excise duties were remitted to the amount of 12,209,000*l.* net, or at an annual rate of 1,017,000*l.* The effect on the revenue was that Customs and Excise increased 2,656,000*l.*, or at the rate of 221,000*l.* annually, and the export trade during the same period grew at the rate of 4,304,000*l.* a-year. So that in the second period, when the remission of duties was ninefold greater than in the first, both

the revenue and the export trade grew with far greater rapidity.

A paper has been prepared by the Board of Trade, not contrasting the results of two periods of stationary and progressive legislation, but showing the general effects produced by the policy of Free Trade since its inauguration up to the year 1860. The benefits conferred by that policy on the trade, revenue, finances and productive powers of the country are there illustrated by figures which should serve to encourage the adoption by others of those just and liberal principles of which they are the most convincing advocates. It has, indeed, been insinuated by some not very learned foreign critics that the bulk of the population in England had not derived the benefits which it was predicted would accrue to them from our reformed policy, as was evidenced by the fact that the price of bread in England remained pretty much what it had been in the days of the sliding scale. But the practical effect of the abolition of the corn laws, as demonstrated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in one of his splendid efforts of rhetorical logic, was to create a regular and steady trade of enormous magnitude. That trade has created a corresponding demand for the commodities of which the labouring classes are the producers (their labour being an essential element in their production); and it is the price which their labour has thus brought,

and not the price of slightly cheapened articles of consumption, that forms the main benefit they have received. And the corollary to the foregoing fact well deserves the attention of those who may be contemplating a reform of the commercial legislation of Austria; namely, that it is not by simply operating upon the articles of consumption, that the greatest benefits may be conferred upon the poorer classes, but that the maximum of good is to be bestowed on them by operating upon the articles which give them the maximum of employment.

One of the first and most important effects which freedom of trade would produce in Austria is, that it would render the people what they are not—energetically industrious. It would, moreover, effect a wholesome distribution of labour, which now congests in certain localities to which it is artificially attracted; and, in tending to multiply and cheapen capital, it would operate in removing one of the causes oftenest cited as a reason why Austrian trade cannot successfully encounter competition.

But to predicate of Austrian industry that it must succumb to competition is to assert that it is radically bad. The statement is simply a gross exaggeration on the part of those interested in maintaining the existing tariff. If competition were admitted at once into Austria, those native manufactures which are

intrinsically sound would, in an atmosphere of rivalry, progress and prosper; those only which are intrinsically unsound would collapse. To uphold the latter by artificial supports can be the desire of no true and instructed Austrian patriot. Those who desire honestly to maintain them must be ignorant of the public injury they inflict. According to all precedent, competition in Austria would destroy what is evil and would foster what is beneficial, not only by encouraging new trades, but by urging into vigour those existing manufactures which, under the depressing influences of protection, are incapable of developing the germs of excellence which they possess.

There is another fallacy to be noticed among the many which underlie the terror of Free Trade in Austria. It seems to be assumed that whatever manufactures should come to be abandoned under the competition introduced by Free Trade, there would be no employment for the capital now invested in them; as if there could be any lack of such employment in a country which only requires the judicious utilization of capital to become the richest agricultural State in Europe. But the Austrians love to vaunt the riches of their soil, as if these were in themselves sufficient; as if it were unnecessary to supplement the prodigality of Nature by the appliances of human skill. There is, indeed, a popular proverb current in the Banat, that

if rye be planted there it will come up wheat; but even the produce of that prolific land would be comparatively valueless without mechanical art to construct the means of communication, to furnish cunning implements to the hand of toil, and to economize labour by the substitution of machinery. However rich may be large portions of the soil of Austria, her natural resources urgently require development, and her agricultural production might, beyond all question, be vastly multiplied by the wise employment of capital and skill.

While Austria possesses in her rich and friable soil such great natural advantages for the growth of raw produce, does she enjoy, it may be asked, any special facilities or aptitude for manufacturing purposes? If the question were answered in the affirmative, it should be proved that she possesses on the whole a redundant population, that labour is cheap, that fuel is plentiful and of convenient access, that machinery is good, that capital is abundant. It is remarkable that the information afforded on these very points by the manufacturers themselves is eminently unfavourable. In a report by one of the Chambers of Commerce on the proposed new Tariff it is asserted that Austrian industry cannot successfully encounter competition because labour is dear; because fuel, not lying contiguous to the seats of manufacture, is not cheap; because capital

is scarce, and therefore dear; because home-made machinery is of an inferior order. It would scarcely be possible to give better reasons against prosecuting trades which lack the essential elements of prosperity, and which can only be feebly sustained by the artificial props of Protection at a ruinous cost to the community.

These things are, of course, hidden to, or ignored by, the manufacturers who have of late contributed largely to the literature of Protection in the hope of averting any extensive change in the commercial legislation of Austria. They demand the continuance of Protection, as if it were an inalienable right which the State, without wronging them, could not revoke. They speak of Free Trade as if the withdrawal of Protection from those who now enjoy it were the alpha and omega of political economy; as if, in practice, it offered no redress; as if, in withdrawing unjust protection from a few, it did not throw the protection of justice over all; as if, in a word, its tendency were not to substitute general and true prosperity in the place of prosperity which is fragmentary and false.

It is at least now believed by the most eminent thinkers of Europe that the science, still young, but yet with some radical development, to which the name of political economy, or the economy of society, is given, has its principles founded in abstract truth and proved by the ordeal of practical experience; and

they, together with their humblest disciples, cannot but desire to see the doctrines in which they believe propagated both in theory and practice. It is this desire, stimulated by the opportuneness of the occasion, that has prompted the foregoing remarks, in the hope that the principles advocated may yet receive at least some attention before the Empire is again committed to a long period of protective legislation. It is hoped that Austria, whether alone or in partnership with other States, may no longer be content to uphold an illiberal commercial system; but that she may elect to enter upon the path of reform by initiating a course of legislation which shall be cautious because provident, and yet bold because instructed by science. The application to Austria of those great commercial principles which have proved fruitful of blessings to other countries will assuredly in time entail upon her the same beneficial results—results almost incalculable in the propitious influences which they exercise upon the prosperity of trade, and, through trade, upon the well-being and content of the people at large.

In continuation of the statistical information forwarded in previous reports, annexed to the present Report are the following tables :—*

Table 1 shows the area of the productive land in the whole Empire.

* These tables are here omitted.

Table 2 shows the number of cattle and other animals, estimated upon the most recent data.

Table 3 gives the agricultural production, calculated approximatively on the basis of official surveys and valuations.

Table 4 shows the number of brandy distilleries;

Table 5 of breweries; and

Table 6 of sugar refineries.

Table 7 shows the receipts and expenditure of railways;

Table 8 the amount of postage; and

Table 9 the length of, and traffic on, the State telegraph lines.

I have, &c.

(Signed) JULIAN FANE.

CHAPTER IX.

Visit to Venice. Taste for old Pictures. Opinions about Modern Poets. Impressions of Wagner. Change of House. Serious illness in consequence of it. Return to England. Appointment to Paris. Marriage. Paternity. Retirement from his Profession. Plans for Life in England. Widowhood.

SHORTLY before I parted from him at Vienna, I was so fortunate as to succeed in persuading Julian Fane to accompany me for a few weeks to Venice; a city which I was anxious to revisit, for the sake of bearing with me to the bitter shores of the Baltic a refreshened recollection of its manifold beauties. He was not at first greatly tempted by my proposal; and I think that what finally secured his acquiescence in it, was the vehemence of my appeal to the occasion this visit would afford him of comparing the impressions made upon him by the sight of St. Mark's itself, with those which were already so strongly stamped upon his imagination by Mr. Ruskin's gorgeous description of it.

Of Mr. Ruskin's writings he was a great admirer, and about the "Stones of Venice" he had, I think, "a vision of his own," which he cared not "to undo."

However, friendship, if not curiosity, prevailed over this disinclination to disturb an ideal; and of the many pleasant days we passed together, none were pleasanter to me than those which I passed with Julian Fane at Venice. This was the first time he revisited Italy, the country of his birth; which he had quitted at an age too early for remembrance. His tastes, tendencies, and sympathies, as regards climate, scenery, and ways of life, were so thoroughly English, that I doubt if he would ever have felt that vehement love of life in Italy which is rarely escaped by those who have lived there for any length of time. But the pictures at Venice made a profound impression on him; and developed in him a taste which he had never before evinced, but which he never afterwards ceased to cultivate, for the works of the old masters, both German as well as Italian. At the time of this visit to Venice, he did not possess a single

picture by any old master; yet he died (alas! not many years afterwards) in possession of a small but well selected number of good pictures; amongst which I remember a Gian Bellini and a Lucas Chranach of unmistakable authenticity and in admirable condition.

The intercourse between myself and Julian Fane was terminated by my promotion to a distant post; and our subsequent meetings were few and far between. We were both of us too busily employed for frequent correspondence; and most of the letters which I received from Julian Fane subsequent to our separation in the year 1863, refer exclusively to matters of no general interest. Amongst them, however, is one from which I shall here extract a few passages; both because it contains a description of his life at Vienna in the summer of that year, and also because it indicates the interest inspired in him by the writings of a young poet whose star was at that time newly risen upon the horizon, and who is now the acknowledged head of a new school of English verse. Referring in this letter to some of our minor contemporary poets, he says: "True, what pro-

digality of fancy, what dearth of creative imagination! We have already *filigree* work of the most exquisite design, and 'tis of no use multiplying that kind of handicraft in a world which is full of it. What we want is *massive* work. But that implies much of the precious raw material. We have excellent artificers of poetry; but each artificer has only a very little gold to work with, and is therefore forced to do minute work. The desideratum is (to follow out the metaphor) a *mine-mind* whose owner can dig out of it great blocks of the true metal. Then, if he be a good artificer to boot, we shall have elaborateness as well as solidity in his work. If not, we shall have rough-hewn things of great price. . . . By the way, I send you herewith a lyric written by Swinburne, the author of two plays, 'The Queen Mother' and 'Rosamond,' which you probably know. Read it carefully (at least three times), and let me know what you think of it. I copied it from a manuscript, and beg you to return the copy I send, as I have no other. Now I come to my unworthy self. I have really been seedy, but the case is not so bad as

you seem to have feared. I caught a cold, and neglected it. The cold, therefore, went *in*, instead of coming *out*. When I *did* take it in hand by unleashing drugs upon it, they hunted it from one internal part to another. The process of digging it out when it ran to ground at last, was tedious; and I growled horribly, not being used to much physical suffering, thanks to my good stars. I *looked* deplorably from sheer *sulks;* and hence the consternation of my friends. I am now out of the wood, however, and myself again for all purposes of amusement, as dictated by Polonius, 'such as dicing, gaming, drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling, &c.' I am changing my lodgings; with no regret, as I find my present wigwam intolerably hot in summer. I have taken the second story of the new house, outside the Schotten Thor. We often looked at it together when it was a-building. Do you remember? 'Tis an enormous apartment with eight rooms, two kitchens, and, alas! a ruinous rent to pay. But the charm of it is, that half the rooms look south-west on the parade ground, and will be sunny in winter; the other half, north-west on the glacis, and will be cool in summer.

"I had lately a delightful evening at Lady B.'s, with Wagner. He read us the libretto of his new (serio-comic) opera, 'The Singers of Nuremberg.' The work may almost be called a satire on the art-critics of the day. It is full of humour and wit; sparkles with lively versification; and is really rich in thought. He declaimed it admirably, with much histrionic power. I was greatly struck with the man as well as his work."

The taking of the apartment described in this letter was most unfortunate in its results. The house was a new one, never before occupied. The walls of it were probably still damp. He caught cold in it; and the cold thus caught terminated in a severe attack of pleurisy, from which his health never permanently rallied. He was about to revisit England when prostrated by this attack, the gravity of which he concealed from his mother as long as he was able to write. His recovery from it was greatly due to the affectionate solicitude and hospitality of Lord and Lady Bloomfield, by whom he was regarded and cared for with all the tenderness which friendship derives from

inborn kindliness of heart, and a sincere admiration and esteem for the object of it. In the spring of 1864 his health was sufficiently revived to enable him to undertake the journey to England. He remained with his mother at Wimbledon during the summer of that year, and was able, in the autumn, to accompany Lady Westmorland and his sister, Lady Rose, on a round of visits in the north of England.

He continued to be, however, painfully susceptible to cold, and subject to a constant tendency to cough. Notwithstanding the delicate appearance of him, his rich fund of physical strength and spirits, his overflowing and restless vitality, and the apparent perfection of impunity with which, in the indulgence of his versatile activity of temperament, he then underwent every physical and intellectual excitement, had formerly been so remarkable that I used jokingly to nickname him Bolingbroke.

Alas! those days of impunity were over for ever. His health was now at the mercy of the slightest draught of air: and in the last series of sonnets to his mother, which are printed in the

preceding chapter, there is sad record of his physical sufferings.

In the year 1865 he was appointed Secretary of Embassy at Paris. During the previous year a great and very pleasing impression had been made upon Lady Westmorland by the attractive qualities and amiable disposition of Lady Adine Cowper, during their intercourse at a country house, where the two ladies happened to be fellow guests. Julian Fane's protracted bachelorhood had long been a subject of regret to his family; his mother was fully cognizant of the many latent qualities in his character which peculiarly fitted him for the enjoyment of that domestic life to which he seemed averse; and her solicitous maternal instinct, aided by a thorough knowledge of his tastes and disposition, immediately recognized in her young and charming fellow guest the woman whom of all others she could most cordially welcome as the wife of the son to whom she was so tenderly and proudly devoted. This sentiment appears to have been mutual, for the young lady subsequently wrote to one of her sisters: "If ever I marry, Lady

Westmorland is the sort of person I should wish my mother-in-law to be." It was not however till the year 1866 that Julian Fane and Lady Adine Cowper became acquainted with each other. They first met whilst he was on a visit to Lord and Lady Wensleydale at Ampthill. Whilst there, he accepted an invitation from Lady Cowper to Wrest; and a few days after his arrival at Wrest Park, he was engaged to Lady Adine. The announcement of this betrothal occasioned much surprise to the friends of the two betrothed. But never was a marriage more harmoniously assorted, or more felicitously complete in the union of two appropriately associated natures, than that which on the 29th September, 1866, united in the flower of their young and beautiful lives these two lovers, destined alas to be so soon parted by death!

Within the first month after his marriage, Julian Fane was again attacked by a return of his old symptoms. But the attack was short and apparently slight. It did not prevent him from resuming his official duties at Paris. It occasioned no serious alarm either to himself or his friends,

and, in the rapidity of his recovery from it, his doctor appeared to recognize the proof of a singularly vigorous constitution. When shortly afterwards his new home was blessed by the birth of a daughter, the felicity of it was such as any Greek philosopher might have well deemed dangerously great. Lady Adine Fane not only shared, in all its enthusiasm, her husband's devotional affection for the mother by whom they were both cherished with more than parental tenderness, but her tastes and dispositions were also in all things the same as his; her sympathy and intelligence made her one with him, in all the interests and objects, the pursuits as well as the pastimes, of his life; and she so completely merged her sweet and gentle spirit in his own, that

> "always, thought in thought,
> Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grew."

Their conjugal felicity was faultless: and for the joys of paternity no man was ever more fitted by temperament than this graceful, brilliant man of the world, who seemed so little adapted to the homely character of a *paterfamilias*. His delight

in children had always been excessive, nor was it greater than their delight in him. He had ever been as much a favourite in the nursery as in the salon. He thoroughly understood the feelings and characters of those "good little men and women;" nor was he ever more charming than when trying to please them. Meanwhile the prospects of his domestic felicity were not brighter than those of his public career. He had attained to a position in his profession very much higher than the rank he held in it: and, even under the sterile routine of an undiscriminating seniority-system of promotion, he was conspicuously marked out by his professional reputation for appointment to the next vacant mission in Europe. A long life of public usefulness and private happiness seemed to be before him. Suddenly, to the surprise of all his friends, he resigned the Secretaryship of Embassy at Paris, and retired from a profession of which he was one of the most brilliant ornaments, and of which the highest prizes lay so nearly in his grasp.

Julian Fane was doubtless conscious that his health had seriously suffered from the uncon-

genial climates and labours in which so many years of his professional life had been passed. His recent experience of the charm of domestic life made him more than ever indifferent to the sterile business and long-deferred rewards of such a profession.

No man's manhood is thoroughly completed until he becomes *chef de tribu,* the head of a home; and permanently bound to a special responsibility for the happiness and welfare of those whose destiny he has deliberately attached to his own, by the ties of matrimony and paternity. When this responsibility has been seriously and reverentially assumed, it generally brings about one of those *retours sur soi-même,* in which a man takes stock of all his past experiences, and makes a careful selection of investment in the future. I doubt not that at this period of his life Julian Fane was impressed by a just conviction that the continued prosecution of a profession which was incapable of satisfying his strongest moral and intellectual requirements, would prove fatal to the redemption and development of powers which he recognized in himself. A really

large and independent character cannot but be more or less narrowed and suppressed by daily exercise in those subservient ingenuities whereby a diplomatist must endeavour to give practical effect to instructions, which, at the best, rarely inspire him with any moral or intellectual enthusiasm. I doubt not that Julian Fane now felt his hold upon life to be somewhat precarious; and that he seriously purposed to employ the remaining years of his existence in some work which should worthily exercise, and worthily represent, all that was best and highest in his nature. This resolution was doubtless also encouraged and confirmed by his wife's enthusiastic participation in his own preference of a studious and contemplative life. Moreover the prospect of habitual separation from his mother and all who were dear to him in England (the country of his predilection), became more and more intolerable to him in proportion as he realized from his own sensations the uncertainty of human life. He had just received from the Government (which pressed him to remain in his profession) the warmest approval of the ability with which he had conducted the

affairs of the Embassy at Paris during the period between the departure of Lord Cowley and the arrival of Lord Lyons. But he was already sighing for the repose he needed to preserve his health, and leisure to cultivate his literary tastes.

Without awaiting the speedy promotion of which he was then certain, he quitted Paris; and, with his wife and child, returned to his mother's house in England. There, in the course of a few months, he appeared to have entirely rallied from the fatiguing effects of the sharp physical pain with which he had been continually afflicted during the year 1867. The summer of the year 1868 was passed by himself and his wife at Apethorpe, the old house he loved so well, which had been placed at their disposal by his brother, the present Earl of Westmorland, for the confinement of Lady Adine. There his second child, a son, was born. In the meanwhile, he had engaged on a long lease a small house at Fotheringhay, about three miles from Apethorpe, and had begun to furnish and prepare it for his future home.

The house thus ordered (with scrupulous regard

to her approval whose tastes and wishes were so congenial to his own) for the reception of the wife he so dearly loved, and who was looking forward with him to the early enjoyment of its rural retirement, they were not destined to enter together. Six weeks subsequent to her confinement, Lady Adine continued to be so weak and suffering, that her husband accompanied her to Wrest for change of air. There however she became worse. They sought in London the best medical advice; and sea-air having been recommended, proceeded with their two children to Brighton. The experiment was not successful. In compliance with her urgent wishes, Lady Adine was removed by her husband to the house of his mother, at Wimbledon; and there, a fortnight afterwards, she died.

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Vernon Harcourt's Recollections of Julian Fane.

My Dear L.,—

You have asked me to give you my impressions of Julian Fane. In doing so you have imposed upon me a task, which is to me at least, the most difficult—I had almost said the most impossible—of performance. Writing to you who knew him later, but not less well, than I did, description is needless; but how to convey to others that unspeakable charm, that tender grace which endeared his life and still consecrates his memory to his friends—that I feel belongs to an art of which I am not a master.

How am I to tell to those who do not know it already, what Julian Fane was? I can do it as little as I could pourtray to you the exquisite lineaments of some landscape which has struck the imagination, and which dwells in the memory

for ever. I should succeed no better than if I tried to convey to you the attractions of a woman I have loved. No human being that I ever knew combined in an equal degree the qualities which attract in a man, and the charms which fascinate in a woman. It would require the touch of the author of "In Memoriam" to trace the delicate features of such character, and to do justice to the depths of love which he inspired. The hard bold outlines of an active and eventful career are easily recorded, and such a biography is not difficult to compose. But this is only the dead skeleton of existence—the tender tints, the graceful movement, the living light which form the realities of friendship and of love, belong to those mysteries of life which defy analysis and are beyond the reach of imitation. What I feel about Julian I think you know; what I can tell you is very little; and must be most inadequate to satisfy your wishes or mine.

Our acquaintance, which soon ripened into a friendship, as close I think as two men ever enjoyed, began at Cambridge in 1848. I had been absent abroad for a year, and found that he

had entered at Trinity whilst I was away. I remember as it were to-day the wine-party when I first saw him. His was not a form easily forgotten. We fell, I know not how, on the discussion of Shelley's poetry. I know that we took opposite sides, and that (as was likely to be the case) he was right and I was wrong, and I learnt from him afterwards to appreciate his favourite poet. Julian seemed in himself the true presentment of the "pard-like spirit beautiful and swift." From that time we gravitated towards each other by that sort of instinctive and indescribable attraction which governs the attachments of youth. Perhaps the very variety of our temperaments and the difference of our dispositions bore no small share in the bond that united us. The moment at which our acquaintance began, was one of singular interest in the history of the world. It was the very crisis of the European Revolution of 1848. Julian Fane came to Cambridge under very peculiar circumstances. Though already attached to his father's Mission at Berlin, and gifted as you know with all the graces of mind and person, which enable a man to shine in such a career, and to

enjoy to the full the pleasures which society and Courts afford, he determined of his own will to go to College, and to prepare himself for it. He buried himself for some time before he came to Cambridge with a tutor in a country village at nineteen years of age, when most men in his position are content to consider their education completed, and to assume that the time for action and enjoyment has arrived. I doubt if your profession and his offer many examples of such a *retraite*. It seems to me, remembering what he was, an act of self-control still more extraordinary now, than it did then, and was a proof of that powerful determination to excel in the best way, in the best things, which those who only knew him superficially might never have suspected to underlie his gentle and tender character.

Julian had lived too much in the world to be shy, and he was of a disposition too open to be reserved. When he was in the society of men, he gave them of his best, and no one could, or did, make himself more liked by those with whom he lived. Most men affect that in which they are conscious of excelling, and certainly no one was

more capable of adorning the most brilliant society, whether by the graces of his manner, or the gifts of his mind, than Julian Fane. Yet, what was remarkable in his case, he was very little solicitous to seek opportunities of shining. This was so at Cambridge, and remained so, even to the end, when he necessarily mixed more in the great world. As a fellow commoner at Trinity, he enjoyed the advantage of associating on intimate terms at the high table, with many distinguished men of older standing than himself, and there are many amongst the College authorities of his time who retain, as I well know, a vivid recollection of his delightful qualities. But his intimate friends were few. He had a sort of sensitiveness and fastidiousness all his life, which seemed to shrink from the effort of making new acquaintances, but which endeared him all the more to those who enjoyed the happiness of his friendship. I had the good fortune to be the means of introducing him to a society at Cambridge, to which many generations of men (generations are short at College) look back with grateful recollections of instructive hours, and of pleasant and life-long friendship.

I venture to say that amongst the generation to which we belonged no figure remains more vividly imprinted on the memory of all, than that of Julian Fane. And "the Society," as its disciples loved to call it, counted amongst its members no worthier associate, no more loyal or devoted adherent. To the last day of his life its membership constituted that freemasonry of friendship which still preserves that cherished institution in the freshness of perpetual youth and of immortal age. He was the salt and the life of those well remembered evenings. He was not fond of argument himself, but tolerant of the disputation of others. He had interest in every topic and sympathy with every mind; and when graver discussions were exhausted would delight us inexperienced schoolboys with the tales of the great world outside, of which we had seen nothing, and of which he knew as much as any man of fifty. His early experience of life, without having hardened his heart, or damped his enthusiasm, had sobered his judgment and gave him a prudence and discretion beyond his years and ours, which by its strangeness astonished and charmed us.

He was as fit to conduct a delicate negotiation at twenty as the oldest diplomate in the service. Brought up in the atmosphere of foreign Courts, he had a thoroughly popular and English fibre in his nature. Though it was his fate and our misfortune that he was called upon to live so much in foreign countries, I believe he was never really happy out of England. Yet so delicate and considerate was he of the feelings of others, that I doubt whether those with whom he was called upon to associate, ever suspected how his heart always "to his country turned with ceaseless pain, and dragged at each remove a lengthening chain." It was only when sitting over the fire smoking his cigarette with an old friend that he would confess with a groan how he longed to exchange all the splendour of the capitals of Europe for the society, the associations, the topics of old Cambridge times and Cambridge men. M. de Montalembert wrote once that he came to take "an air-bath of liberty" in England. A return to London seemed to produce much the same effect on Julian Fane. Often he has said to me, "This is the only place where one can talk about any-

thing worth talking about." Excuse the extreme *chauvinisme* of the remark, but it was characteristic of one of those unsuspected corners of his mind known only to those who knew him well. With all that remarkable adaptiveness and plasticity which enabled him in a singular degree to mould himself to persons and circumstances when occasion required, he was still in his character, in his intellect, and in his sympathy, English of the English.

Julian's health, always delicate—indeed so delicate that his prolonged life was more surprising than his early death—prevented his taking any part in the active physical exercises of College life. Like many men in feeble health, he turned day into night, and night into day. To awake him past midday in his lodgings, was the daily and not always easy office of his intimates. He was passionately fond of music, a taste to which he had an hereditary right; and had only banished his piano because he thought it wasted his time too much. He was studious of general literature, and only followed the regular course of the University sufficiently to take his degree with credit. He

set his heart however on the University Prize for English Verse, and Julian seldom failed in that which he wished to accomplish. The subject was not an easy one to treat—the death of Adelaide the Queen Dowager. But the choice and graceful verses, which showed how deeply his mind was steeped in the Muse of Milton, well deserved the preëminence they won. The idea was original, even its imitation, and was worked out with the finish and taste which belonged to all his compositions.

When we left Cambridge, his path and mine diverged—he to diplomacy, I to law. We were necessarily much divided, but our hearts, as you know, were always one. You ask me for letters, I have some of course, but not a great many. We were both bad correspondents. Only to his mother who was the central idol of his heart, did he constantly write. But when he was in England we were much together. His was a heart to which absence brought no chill and length of time no change. Of his diplomatic career I need say nothing to you. You know it better and can describe it more truly than any one. I think you can bear testimony that no man was

ever better fitted for a post where temper and prudence, commended by winning manners and graceful courtesy, are needed to deal with difficult negotiations and men of various minds. He had just reached the first position in the second grade of his profession and was ripe for the highest post, when his health and strength gave way, and the world which is "cold to all that might have been," never learnt that future which his friends were well able to foresee.

Though deeply interested in politics, Julian was not by disposition a party politician. His opinions were of a liberal complexion, but moderate in tone. His early experience of the European Revolution in 1848 had, perhaps, somewhat chilled his faith in democratic progress. But on the American Civil War, which I have always regarded as the true touchstone in our times of real liberal belief, his sympathies were wholly on the side of constitutional freedom, and against the "chivalry" of rebellion and slavery. The strong English instincts, to which I have already referred, always preserved him from the dangers to which his profession has been supposed to be obnoxious

—I mean that of losing sympathy with the habits and minds of his own country through the influence of a foreign atmosphere, and association with foreign manners of thought and of action. He had a truly British love of political compromise, which was, perhaps, all the stronger from his experience of the evils consequent on the incapacity of foreign politicians to accept such a basis of action. I remember well how in the vehement contest on the subject of the Reform Bills of 1866 and 1867, whilst admitting the inconsistency (not to use a stronger phrase) of the Conservative Government in proposing a measure of household suffrage, he insisted on the enormous political advantage of effecting so great a revolution in the balance of political power without any social disruption, and binding both parties in the State to the policy of enfranchisement without achieving a dangerous and mortifying triumph of one section of people over another. He used to say, "Depend upon it, such a thing as this could not be done anywhere but in England without fighting in the streets." I can only record the immense advantage I derived (I am sure you have

felt it too) of being able to look at English questions through the medium of a mind eminently fair and impartial, and which had drawn its experience from the knowledge of "many cities and manners of men."

Of his domestic life what can I, what need I say? Our fortunes and misfortunes have been too parallel to permit me to speak of them. There are memories of joy and of sorrow which are not to be forgotten, but which it is in vain to describe. His life and his death alike dwell in my heart like the strain of some beautiful poem, in which the alternations of delight, and of pain, pursue each other with a cadence of the deepest pathos and seem to blend in one harmonious whole. It is not given, I suppose, to the highest natures to be very happy; what the world calls happiness should be made of coarser fibre and of "sterner stuff than this."

The last time I saw much of Julian was at Fotheringhay (a name consecrated to misfortune), where he had prepared a home for Adine and his children. He went there only to lay her in the grave. I joined him a short time after her death;

when he was (I think he knew this himself) stricken with a mortal disease. He was very calm and almost happy, in a solitude which was only broken by the prattle of his little children. You know all his life what a passion he had for being alone. It seemed to grow upon him in his sorrows. Yet as ever his heart reverted to his early days, his early life, and his early friends. We talked of old things and of old times as we did at Cambridge, but I felt that we should not do so much longer. Next to his mother and his home, I think Cambridge had the first place in his affections. He could not rest till he had taken Adine there, to introduce her to the old haunts that he loved so well.

That so finished and complete a man should have perished so untimely—that the world should know so little of that which is best and highest and most lovely in the midst of it, is not the less sad, because it was so common. You and I, my dear L., were amongst the few, the very few, to whom it was permitted, to know all that Julian was; and whatever else may come to us, it is a gift for which we shall always feel supremely grateful.

If you are able in any degree to convey to others less fortunate, a sense of that delight which we have so often drunk in his companionship, you will have achieved a work well worthy of achievement; and I cordially bid you God speed, wishing that I had the power, as I have the will, to assist you in it.

Yours ever,

W. V. H.

APRIL, 1871.

CHAPTER XI.

Failing Health. Continued Interest in Literature and Public Affairs. Latest Employments. Poems *ad Matrem*. Increasing Sufferings and Isolation. Sympathy of Friends. Religious Belief. Designs for the Future. Sonnets to his Mother. His Sister's Recollections. Last Hours. Latest Written Words. The End. Tributes to his Memory.

FROM the shock of Lady Adine's death, Julian Fane never recovered. The remaining days of life were to him few and sad. "I thank God," says his mother, "that I was with him through that dreadful time, and that we were never afterwards separated, except now and then for a few days. He was, in his deep grief, perfect,—as indeed in all the relations and circumstances of life. Doing all that was right; and submitting with patience and calmness (after the first sharp paroxysm of his great anguish) to the will of God. He did not see anyone but me during the week we remained at Wimbledon." He then went to Apethorpe to attend the funeral; and thence took

possession of his melancholy home at Fotheringhay; where his children joined him from Wrest, whither they had returned from Brighton during Lady Adine's illness. He was also joined there by his mother, who found him sadly broken by grief, as well as physical pain, and afflicted by a continuous cough. On the advice of his physicians he sought change of air in the Isle of Wight, but there his cough grew worse. In the summer, still suffering, he returned to Wimbledon. Thence he visited his wife's family at Wrest and Panshanger; but with no relief from the bodily discomfort, which was doubtless aggravated by all that he was still morally suffering under the sense of his recent bereavement. He returned for the winter to his mother's house in London. There, his health rapidly declined, till in the month of January, 1870, his sufferings assumed the form of an affection in the throat which deprived him of the power of swallowing any liquid.

Yet, to the latest hour of his life, he retained the liveliest interest in every great political and social question which affected the moral and intellectual welfare of his fellow creatures. This

was an interest purely unselfish, and which had survived all possibility of personal participation in the triumph of any cause by which it was inspired. His passion for literature continued also to the last. It was with fast-failing health, and spirits cruelly shattered by his recent loss, that he wrote for the Edinburgh Review a long and careful criticism (much altered by the Editor) of Mr. Browning's poem of "The Ring and the Book." That exquisite consideration for the feelings of all around him which so largely contributed to the peculiar charm of his character, was increased instead of being impaired by the intensity of his own sufferings. Nor did the extremest physical pain and weakness prevent him, even in the last struggle of his prolonged death-agony, from greeting with its accustomed tribute of grateful song the return of that day which was so dear to him as the birthday of his mother. The following sonnet, addressed to her some months after the birth of his first child, a daughter, is in sad contrast with the two others here printed below it; which were written after the death of his wife.

AD MATREM.

(LONDON, MARCH 13, 1868.)

Thou tiny blossom hanging on the bough
Of life; my baby, lapt in gentle rest,
Time was when softly on a mother's breast
I slept in peace, as thou art sleeping now.
And eyes as full of love's ineffable light
As those that o'er thy slumbers vigil keep,
Kept patient watch above my infant sleep,
And hands as true and tender clasp'd me light.
Ah, happy mother, may thy child prove true!
Ah, happy child, deserve thy mother's love!
My Saint, I crave thy blessing on these two,
Crave thou for them a blessing from above.

Then take me to thy heart, and we will seek
No words to say what words can never speak.

AD MATREM.

(FOTHERINGHAY, MARCH 13, 1869.)

I.

"Could I outpour all treasures of all art,
"And beggar language to enrich my verse,
"I could not paint thee perfect as thou art,
"Nor half thy praise, nor half my love rehearse."
—So did I sing while yet the woods were green,
And all life's landscape blithe and debonair,

But now that birds are mute and boughs are bare,
Will not song mock the solitary scene?
The solitary scene! for now no more
The sweet mate sits beside me on the tree;
Fled to the peaceful Paradisal shore,
The sweet mate who was glad I sang for thee.
Ah, can she yet be touch'd by mortal thing?
Almost methinks from Heaven she bids me sing.

II.

Sometimes there comes in drear December's dark
An earth-awakening joy-compelling day;
And for a moment the long silent lark
Mistakes the month, and almost finds his lay.
So must this day, thou most belovèd soul,
Which sacred is, and dedicate to thee,
Tho' earth were wrapp'd in snow from pole to pole,
Draw from my lips one snatch of melody
To call thee perfect in thy peerless grace;
How good, how true, how tender, who shall tell?
Thou ministering angel in the place
Where sorrow comes, *she* only knows thee well.
And I, whose heart with Sorrow hath been one,
Bless beyond words who so hath blest her son.

The peculiar and painful affection of the throat, from which, ever since the beginning of the year in which these two last sonnets are dated, Julian Fane had been a constant sufferer, was accompanied by a gradual extinction of voice. This loss of voice was almost complete for nearly a year before the end of his great sufferings. The impossibility

of swallowing liquids added to his other torments the agony of constant thirst, which could only be alleviated by sucking small pieces of fruit. His own intense sensitiveness to the sight of physical pain made him shrink from seeing any of the old and attached friends, who, during his long mortal combat with the malady to which he finally succumbed, were constant in their visits and hopeful to the last. He could not bear to witness the pain with which he knew they would contemplate his own. And, with the exception of his mother and sister, who were in constant attendance upon him, no one but his brother (and he only for a few moments) was ever admitted into the profound seclusion of his sick room. Lord Clarendon (whose own valuable life was shortened by his conscientious and unremitting attendance to the minutest business of the laborious office he then held) never failed during the whole of this time, to call every Sunday in the hope of seeing and cheering, by his kindly sympathy, the young friend whose bright intelligence and many endearing qualities were appreciated by no one more warmly than the statesman under whom he had

served during the greater part of his brilliant but prematurely broken career.

The poor sufferer would not allow himself the luxury of even once again beholding the chief and friend to whom he was cordially and gratefully attached. But, knowing the interest still retained by Julian Fane in all public affairs, Lord Clarendon continued to pass many an hour out of the afternoon of the only day in the week which found him comparatively free from official business, in affectionate endeavours to alleviate the solitude of that sick-chamber which he never entered, by imparting to Lady Westmorland (and with all the charm of his own rare conversational powers), in order that she might communicate it to her son, whatever he thought likely to interest Julian in the political gossip of the week. Mr. Vernon Harcourt also, Julian's most intimate friend, came daily, hoping against hope, to that sad house, for news of the sick man who had not the courage to receive him. It was only by putting her ear close to his lips, and supporting his powerless and wasted arm upon her shoulder, that his mother was able to hear and understand

the faint utterances which even thus were not articulated without an effort. For a long while he shrunk from seeing his children, who, since the commencement of his mortal suffering, had remained with their maternal grandmother, Lady Cowper, at Wrest. He dreaded the possibility of their being frightened by the sight of him. But six weeks before his death he sent for them, and saw them daily. His mind dwelt constantly, and with the most solicitous forethought, upon the subject of their education and future lives. On this subject he spoke much with his sister, whom he appointed guardian to his two little orphans, in the event of his death; for which (though never despondent) he was fully and calmly prepared. Two months before it happened he executed his will, and made every arrangement for the fulfilment of his last wishes.

"We had," says Lady Westmorland, in a letter to myself, "several conversations, during his last illness, upon religious subjects, about which he had his own peculiar views. The disputes and animosities between High and Low Church, and all the feuds of religious sectarianism, caused him

the deepest disgust. I think, indeed, that he carried this feeling too far. He had a horror of *cant;* which I also think was exaggerated; for it gave him a repulsion for all outward show of religious observances. He often told me that he never missed the practice of prayer, at morning and evening, and at other times. But his prayers were his own: his own thoughts in his own words. He said that he could not pray in the set words of another; nor unless he was *alone.* As to joining in Family Prayers, or praying at Church, he found it impossible. He constantly read the New Testament. He deprecated the indiscriminate reading of the Bible. He firmly believed in the efficacy of sincere prayer; and was always pleased, when I told him I had prayed for him. When I perceived that the end of his sufferings could not be long delayed, I felt certain it would be useless to propose to him to see a clergyman. But I did write to Mr. Maurice (who was at Cambridge), a kind friend of mine, and one whom Julian much admired and liked,—to come to town; thinking that perhaps at last he might see him, and that

he would be a comfort to us all. By some accident, my letter did not reach him as soon as it ought; and though he immediately hurried to town, he arrived a few hours after life had departed. The day before, I had read the prayers for the sick at his bedside; and he said he liked to hear them *from my voice.* He knew they came *from my heart.*"

Here, I cannot forbear to add, that having had many opportunities, in the course of my own intimacy with him, of knowing what were the religious opinions and feelings of Julian Fane, at the time when he was in the full vigour of his intellectual faculties, and the maturity of his self-knowledge, I am persuaded that (except in so far as they doubtless grew more intense as his mind grew more and more spiritualised by suffering and the contemplation of approaching death) those opinions and feelings underwent no change, but supported him to the last under great sorrow of heart and grievous bodily affliction. His mind, spontaneously attracted by the spiritual beauty which it recognized as the pervading atmosphere of an indefinite and boundless tract of Christian

sentiment, flowed easily round and over all incidental dogmatic obstructions; fully satisfied with possessing the simplest and most efficacious stimulant to the exercise of the virtues of reverence, sincerity, benevolence, compassion, fortitude, and loving kindness, which were naturally active in him, and which kept his character in harmony with his creed.

Let me add, that among his papers I find many indications of a literary activity abruptly suspended; notes and materials for a biography of Heinrich Heine; notes for criticisms of books; the commencement of a novel and a play; and various unfinished lyrics. Also the scattered memoranda of some apparent excursions into physical science. In fact, the first year of his retirement from professional life was passed by him in all the vague and delicious luxury of a hungry intellect turned out to literary grass. For the first time he found himself in possession of what appeared to be unlimited leisure to browse at will over every province of literature, to follow his curiosity into every department of study, and to indulge his fancy in every kind of literary experiment. And

before the first blades cropped from this boundless field of intellectual nurture and enjoyment had been digested and assimilated, the life they were already enriching was stricken down and swept away.

"So far from being impatient of his dreadful illness," says the sister who was then his constant companion, "he more than once told me that it had been good for him; and he frequently expressed his gratitude to a doctor who had given him a very unfavourable opinion of his case a year before, and been blamed for so doing by his friends. He said that the warning then received, had given him opportunities of thought for the future of his children, and for the retrospect of his own life; which he was glad to have had before his bodily pain and weakness became excessive. He spoke much in connection with the subject of his children (and especially his boy), about what he conceived to have been the mistakes and errors of his own life; and it was in these conversations that his real nature appeared in its most perfect form. His strongest characteristic had ever been an intense love of, and reverence for, truth; and

an equal abhorrence of everything approaching to falsehood or deceit, which he regarded as the most inexcusable sin. He desired for his children a thorough veracity of character, and a reverence for the beauty of moral purity, far more than any intellectual gift or inherited talent. He used to tell me that the thing he envied and respected most in the world, was a perfectly pure moral sense, so strong as to make a man prefer death to compromise between double motives. He instanced the character of one of his friends who, without any intellectual brilliancy, was conspicuously conscientious in the moral conduct of his life, as the model which he would most wish his children to emulate. He often, at this time, regretted what he thought to have been desultory in his own life, and dwelt with great earnestness on the importance of regular habits of work. He said he could wish that his son should be *obliged* to work for some definite object in life; but that in any case he desired for him a profession. His love for and delight in his children was extreme. But, even in this, his natural unselfishness appeared. For, however much he might wish for

their society, he was nervously fearful of interfering with any arrangements for their advantage. And he who had all his life been petted and adored by those about him, showed in his last illness a thoughtfulness for others, and an absence of selfishness which would, I believe, have astonished even those who knew him best. He continued nearly to the last (though so shut out from the world,) to take great interest in politics and public events. The principal topics of the moment were the Irish Land Bill and the Education Bill, every detail of which he followed with the deepest sympathy in their success. Tolerant as he was of all fair and honest criticism, nothing so intensely disgusted and exasperated him as the petty spite of party, and the miserable imputation of mean or selfish motives to public men in whose conduct his own impartial and generous judgment distinctly recognized a courageous rectitude of purpose. It was this feeling which so strongly enlisted his sympathies in the triumph of those two great measures."

Generous indeed and gentle, high-minded and full-hearted, was this man's exquisite humanity, to

the last hour of his visible presence in a world through which he had passed from childhood to maturity unhardened by that high temperature of pleasure and prosperity which so often indurates the heart as quickly as hot water indurates an egg. But the end of his earthly sojourn was now at hand. On the evening of the 12th of March, 1870, his physical suffering was excessive. The following day was the birthday of his mother. That day had never yet dawned upon a deeper sorrow than it now reawakened in the soul of her he loved so well. For the first time in all the long course of their tender intercourse she could not look forward to that accustomed and treasured tribute of dedicated song wherewith her son had never yet failed to honour the advent of this day. Yet she found what she dared not, could not, anticipate. There lay upon her table, when she rose on that saddest of all her birthday anniversaries, a letter in the old beloved handwriting; which, with a few simple utterances of devoted affection, contained the two following sonnets. They are the last words ever written by Julian Fane. But this golden chain of votive verse into

which from his earliest years he had woven, with religious devotion, the annual record of a lifelong affection, was not broken till life itself had left the hand that wrought it.

AD MATREM.

(London, March 13, 1870.)

I.

When the vast heaven is dark with ominous clouds,
That lower their gloomful faces to the earth;
When all things sweet and fair are cloak'd in shrouds,
And dire calamity and care have birth;
When furious tempests strip the woodland green,
And from bare boughs the hapless songsters sing;
When Winter stalks, a spectre, on the scene,
And breathes a blight on every living thing;
Then, when the spirit of man, by sickness tried,
Half fears, half hopes, that Death be at his side,
Outleaps the sun, and gives him life again.
O Mother, I clasp'd Death; but, seeing thy face,
Leapt from his dark arms to thy dear embrace.

II.

So, like a wanderer from the world of shades,
Back to the firm earth, and familiar skies,
Back to that light of love that never fades—
The unbroken sunshine of thy blissful eyes,
I come—to greet thee on this happy day
That lets a fresh pearl on thy life appear;
That decks thy jewell'd age with fresh array,
Of good deeds done within the circled year;

So art thou robed in majesty of grace,
In regal purple of pure womanhood;
Throned in thy high pre-eminence of place;
Sceptred and crown'd, a very Queen of Good.
Receive my blessing, perfect as thou art,
Queen of all good, and sovereign of my heart.

A few days before he died, his incessant suffering was somewhat relieved by the exhaustion growing out of its prolonged endurance. The natural hopefulness of his nature revived; and he said to his mother, "I really believe I shall pull through—after all." He got up, dressed and shaved; and from that moment he passed his days upon his sofa, until the last but one, which found him too weak to leave his bed. Meanwhile, however, all pain had ceased. He became drowsy, and dozed constantly. On the 18th of April (1870) he was apparently free from all suffering save that of extreme debility. Midnight came. He told his servant to remove the candle from before his eyes, saying that he wished to sleep. The room was darkened; he turned softly to his rest; and those that watched him withdrew into the next chamber in order not to disturb the sleeper. When shortly afterwards his brother

re-entered from the adjoining room to see if he were yet asleep, he was lying quite still, with a deep smile upon his face. He seemed to be (and was) in a sweet sound slumber. It was the slumber of death.

Thus painlessly, after long physical suffering, and without a struggle or a sigh, passed away from earth the soul of Julian Charles Henry Fane. It has left behind it, here below, no abiding monument of its beauty and its strength, save in the memories of those that knew him. Yet his short life was not in vain. It enriched the world with a realized and animated ideal of much that is rarest and most beautiful in human character; and they who yet mourn the loss of all that departed with him from the lives once beautified and bettered by his own, will re-echo the language in which he himself has lamented a similar departure of loveliness from earth, when they recal to mind these lines of one of his earliest poems—

> "Ah, not the music of his voice alone,
> But his sweet melody of thought, which fed
> Our minds with perfect harmony, is flown!"

"Never," said a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "did Julian Fane fail to make a friend of anyone who came within the sunshine of his refined and gentle nature."

"There was in him," wrote Mr. Henry Reeve to his sister, "something of that finer sense and feeling which marked him out as a being of another world, for whom this common life of ours is too coarse and too cold. Those who knew him will never forget the charm of his manners and conversation."

"Every one who knew him," says Sir Roderick Murchison, "felt keenly how much original talent there was in him, combined with the most engaging manners."

In a letter written shortly after the death of Julian Fane, Mr. Motley the historian, and late American Minister in England, says, "It will always be most delightful for me to remember the circumstances which brought me into close intimacy with Julian Fane during several years, and enabled me thoroughly to appreciate his refined and delicate nature, his graceful, poetic, and subtle intellect, and the singular and remarkable

charm of manner which his great personal beauty so much enhanced. Besides the many literary and artistic tastes with which I had the pleasure of finding myself in warm sympathy with him, there were stronger ties between us which made his friendship especially dear to me. It happened to be a momentous epoch in the history of my country, at which patriotism became not a sentiment only, but a passion; and in which we found ourselves drawn very closely to those who shared our convictions and our faith. I never found anyone out of America more unwavering in his belief and sympathy, or more intelligent and appreciative as to the causes and progress of that great conflict, than he was."

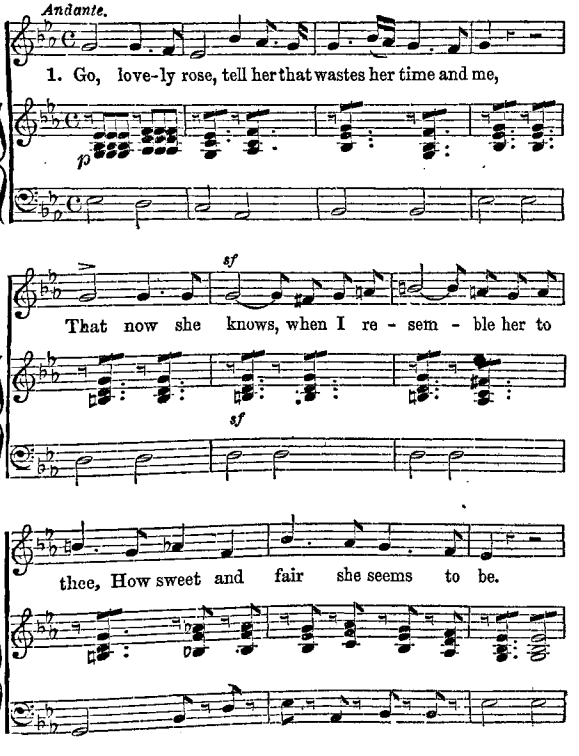
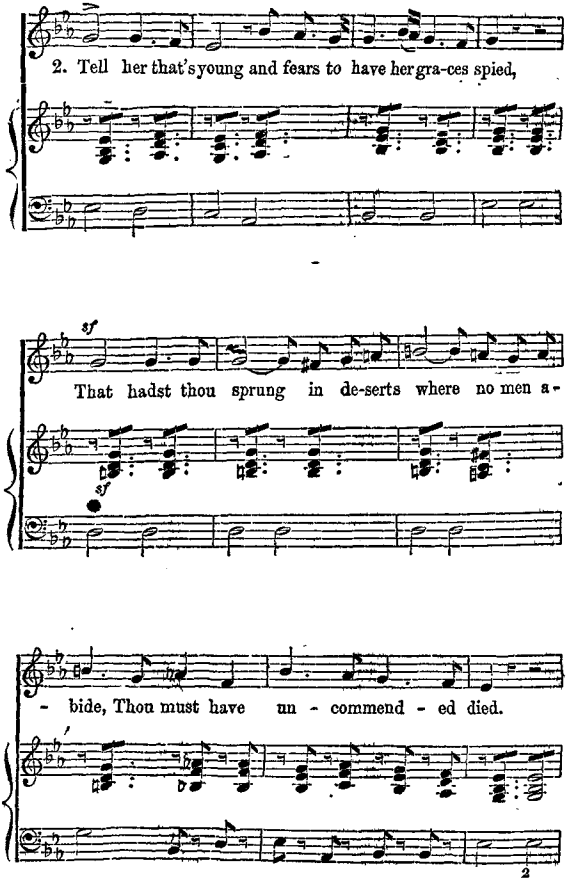
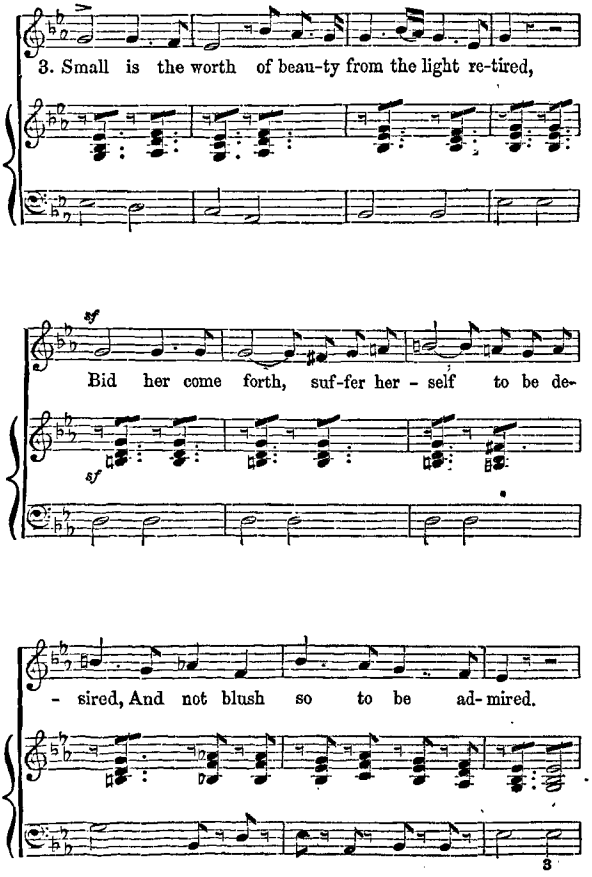
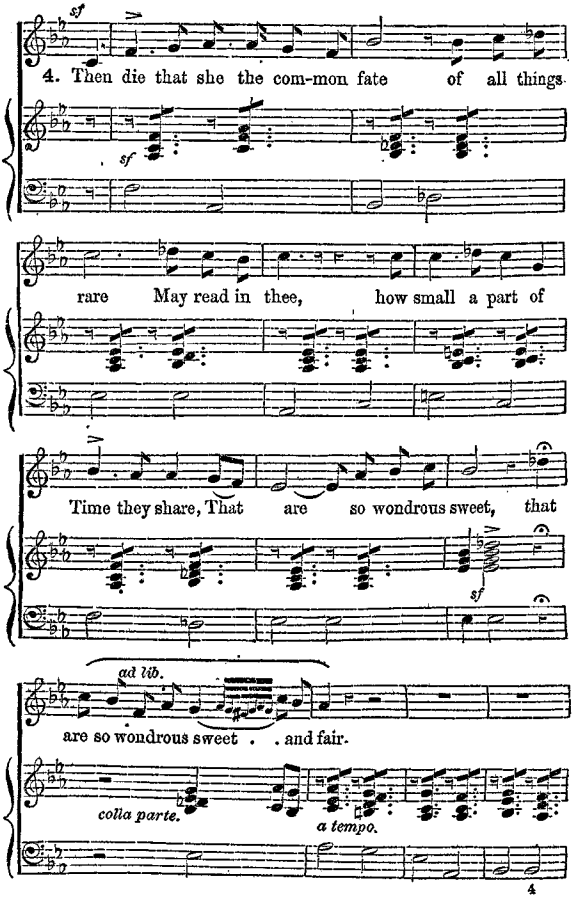
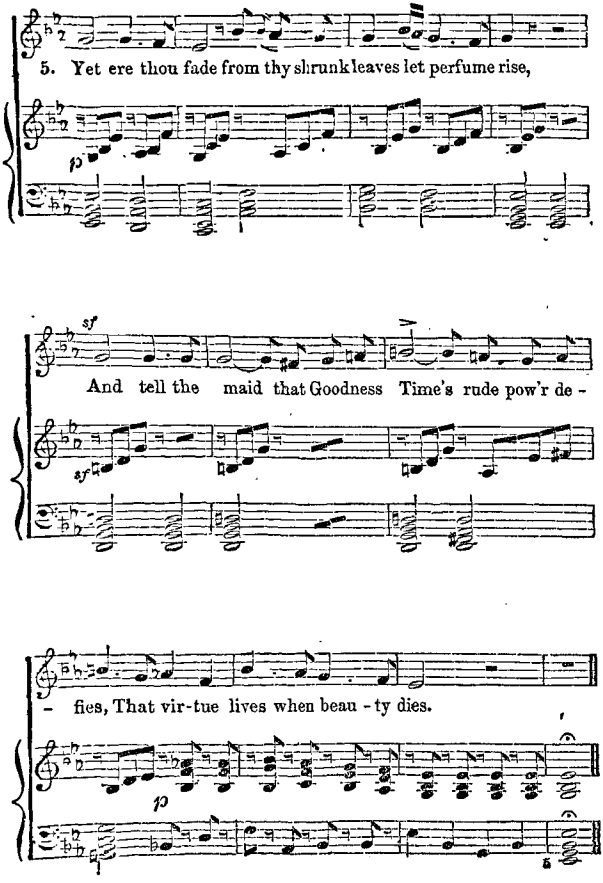
Laudatis laudari is the best order of merit; and these evidences of the impression made by Julian Fane upon men of intellect and heart, are so precious that I need not apologize for placing them on record. On hearing of his death Lord Clarendon wrote to Lady Westmorland, "I feel as if one very near and dear to myself had passed away. God give you strength to bear the irreparable loss of such a son, and such a man!" Nor

was it only in England that his loss was felt. Wherever any portion of his life had been passed he left many mourners. In a very touching letter which it is impossible to read without a high appreciation of its writer's character, Her Majesty the present Queen of Prussia wrote to his mother, "Après avoir connu ce fils, si distingué depuis son adolescence, et après avoir pû juger de ce qu'il est devenu dans l'école de la vie, comment ne pas déplorer sa perte, à la fois pénible pour sa famille et pour son pays!"

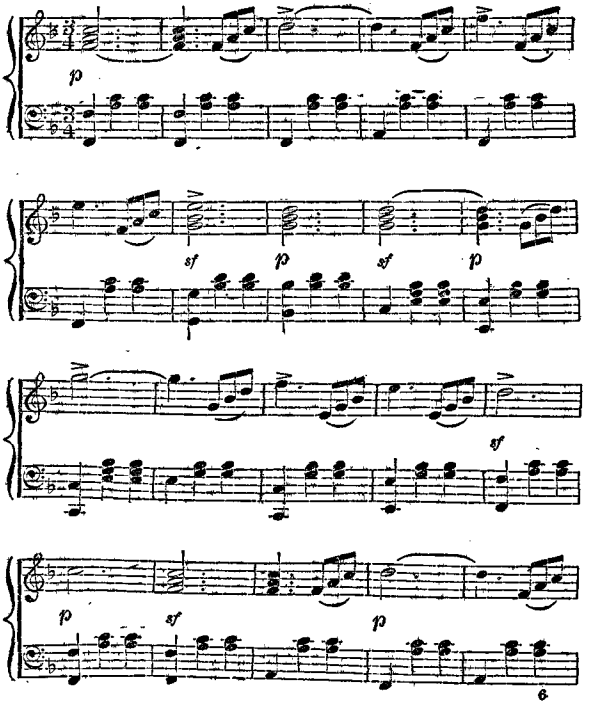
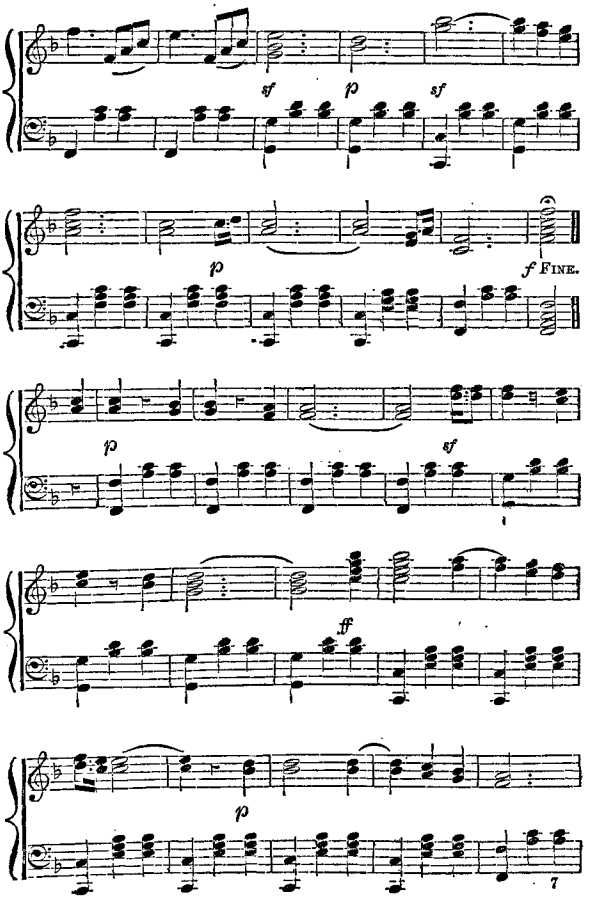
"From those who loved him," wrote Mr. Forster, "are gone the joy of such a presence as they will hardly again see here, the brilliancy and beauty of such intercourse as they can never hope to renew."

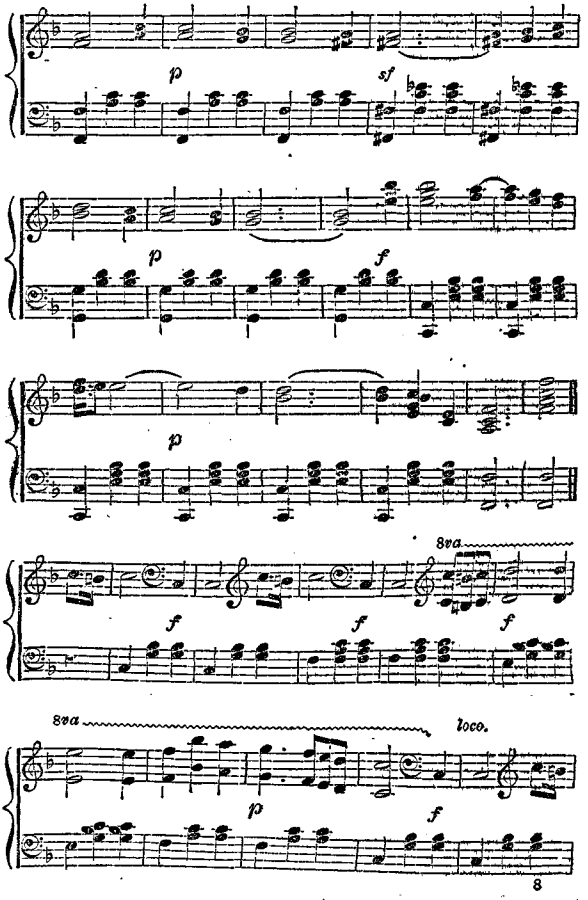
APPENDIX.

GO, LOVELY ROSE.

Words by WALLER. *Music by* JULIAN FANE.

Andante.
1. Go, love-ly rose, tell her that wastes her time and me,
p
sf
That now she knows, when I re - sem - ble her to
sf
thee, How sweet and fair she seems to be.

2. Tell her that's young and fears to have her gra-ces spied,
That hadst thou sprung in de-serts where no men a-
- bide, Thou must have un - commend - ed died.

3. Small is the worth of beau-ty from the light re-tired,
sf
Bid her come forth, suf-fer her - self to be de-
sf
- sired, And not blush so to be ad- mired.

sf
4. Then die that she the com-mon fate of all things
sf
rare May read in thee, how small a part of
Time they share, That are so wondrous sweet, that
sf
ad lib.
are so wondrous sweet . . and fair.
colla parte.
a tempo.

5. Yet ere thou fade from thy shrunk leaves let perfume rise,
p
sf
And tell the maid that Goodness Time's rude pow'r de -
sf
p
- fies, That vir-tue lives when beau - ty dies.
p

WALTZ.

Composed by JULIAN FANE, *August*, 1869.

sf
p
sf
p
f FINE.
p
sf
ff
p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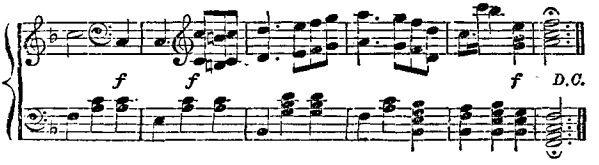
THE END.

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